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TOURS ON THE ARLING DOWNS QUEENSLAND



QUEENSLAND RAILWAYS



868

TOURISTS' TICKETS.

QUICK SERVICE BY RAIL AND STEAMER

BETWEEN

Brisbane and North Queensland.

Passengers may book direct between Brisbane and Towns in North Queensland,
and *vice versa*, via Gladstone or Port Alma.

Passengers leaving Brisbane by rail at 10.25 p.m. on Fridays arrive at Gladstone at 12 noon on the following day, and at once embark on board the s.s. "Bingera," reaching Townsville at 5.0 a.m. on the following Monday, thence to Cairns by connecting Steamer; and, similarly, passengers leaving Townsville by the s.s. "Bingera" at 10.30 p.m. on Monday arrive at Gladstone on the following Wednesday, and are at once taken forward by rail to Brisbane, arriving there at 6.5 a.m. on Thursday, connecting with the Sydney Mail.

Passengers leaving Brisbane on Tuesdays by the 10.25 p.m. Mail Train, arriving Rockhampton 4.0 p.m., Wednesdays, will connect with a special Train leaving Rockhampton at 6.30 p.m. for Port Alma, and at once embark on the Howard Smith Company's Mail Steamer for Northern Ports; similarly, passengers leaving Townsville by this company's Mail Steamer on Saturdays will arrive Port Alma on Monday mornings, and connect with a Special Train arriving Rockhampton in time to connect with the 12 noon Mail Train from Rockhampton to Brisbane, arriving Brisbane 6.5 a.m., Tuesdays. In the event of the steamer from the North arriving late at Port Alma, passengers should tranship at Bajool for the South.

The A.U.S.N. Company's steamer leaves Port Alma for the North on Sunday evening, and a Special Train to connect with the steamer leaves Rockhampton on Sunday afternoon; similarly, a Special Train will connect with this company's steamer from the North at Port Alma on Wednesday morning.

FARES.

STATIONS.	VIA GLADSTONE.		VIA PORT ALMA.	
	Single.	Return.	Single.	Return.
Between Brisbane and—	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Mackay	6 6 3	10 15 9	5 16 0	10 3 0
* Bowen	6 11 6	11 11 6	6 1 0	10 18 6
Townsville	7 2 0	12 2 0	6 14 0	11 19 6
Charters Towers ..	7 11 6	12 18 6	7 3 0	12 15 6
Ravenswood	7 11 0	12 17 6	7 2 6	12 14 6
Hughenden	8 14 0	14 19 6	7 17 0	14 0 0
Richmond	8 19 6	15 9 6	8 2 0	14 8 6
Cloncurry	9 10 6	16 9 0	8 13 0	15 7 6
Winton	9 3 6	15 16 6	8 6 0	14 15 0
Cairns	8 3 0	13 18 9	7 18 0	13 11 0
Kuranda	8 5 6	14 3 3	8 0 0	13 15 0
Mareeba	8 8 6	14 8 3	8 3 0	14 0 0
Atherton	8 11 0	14 12 9	8 6 0	14 4 6

* Per A.U.S.N. Company's steamer only.

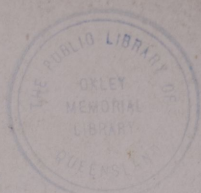
Children 3 years of age and under 12 years of age, Half Fares; Children 12 years of age and over, Full Fares.

The Fares cover First Class Accommodation and sleeping Berths on the Railway, and First Saloon on board the Steamer.

Single Tickets and the forward portions of Return Tickets are available for One Calendar Month.

Return Tickets are available for Six Calendar Months.

Tickets may be obtained from the Railway Inquiry Office, Brisbane; A.U.S.N. Company's Offices at Brisbane, Mackay, Bowen, Townsville, Charters Towers, and Cairns; Howard Smith Company's Offices at Brisbane, Mackay, Townsville, Charters Towers, and Cairns, and at the Railway Stations at Brisbane, Charters Towers, Ravenswood, Hughenden, Richmond, Cloncurry, Winton, Kuranda, Mareeba, and Atherton.



QUEENSLAND RAILWAYS.

SUMMER TOURS

IN THE RANGES,
THE DARLING DOWNS,
AND
THE TOBACCO COUNTRY.

INTRODUCTION.

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PASSION for travel is a noticeably increasing tincture among the tendencies of the people of the Australian States. Of those who can afford to make over-sea tours the majority do so, and of those who are not yet sufficiently favoured by fortune to indulge in the luxury of long travel a large number pleurably anticipate testing its fascination at some future period. "Distant fields are greenest" truly says an adage. To revel in scenic beauties and delightful atmosphere Queenslanders need not travel far.

"What do they know of Queensland who only Queensland know?" sometimes asks a returned Queensland, adapting the proverbial wisdom of Kipling. Equally as aptly may it be queried both of the globe-trotting Queensland and his untravelled brother, "What do they know of Queensland who only a part of it know?"

The charm of variety can be very deeply tested in Queensland, a State in which scenery and climate are so varied that they extend from the tropical almost to the alpine. With summer in front of or around us, with summer holidays looming, we have no need to longingly send our thoughts to cool retreats in other States or other lands. The picturesque towns and districts of the mountain ranges can provide all that we need of invigorating air, coolness, comfort, and beauty.

When wintry blasts assail the Southern States, North Queensland's tropic charms attract a large floating population, and when intensest summer holds North Queensland its residents may find in South Queensland highlands all the respite that their minds and bodies crave. The appetite which waned in the home of the mango and the papaw revives when tempted by the stone and berry fruits of Stanthorpe and Killarney; the eyes which had tired of tropic luxuriance or glittering sea rest delightedly on the soft lights and gracious shades which flicker come and go on the everlasting hills, stretching far out and giving an impression of infinite space, eastward of Toowoomba. Bright red roads, green grass fields, newly turned chocolate soil, the whole gamut of green in cultivation and foliage, gold blossom, red fruit and blue sky—a gaudy galaxy of tints, yet, so grand is Nature's scheme, making one concordant whole—concordance typical of Toowoomba, a town whose beauty never palls.

Stanthorpe's rugged scenery seems correctly associated with its elevation and bracing atmosphere. There roses bloom all the year round on the cheek of the young, and vigour characterises the movements of the old.

And what of Queensland's Killarney? "Beauty's home" it is, indeed. "The world before me where to choose my place of rest," quotes the summer soliloquiser, and, if he knows Killarney, it is very probable that his railway ticket will pay a compliment to two countries by bearing upon it a name doubly dear in Irish song. Life's worries seem so remote at Killarney where rural and semi-rural people live a life partly idyllic and wholly ideal. The too-strenuous denizen of the city, who has overdrawn his deposit in the bank of nervous supply while increasing his deposit in a bank of another sort, will assuredly find in the invigorating purity of Killarney air a perfect remedy.

"There is no wealth but life. Life including all its powers of joy and admiration." Thus Ruskin, implying the great truth that in absolute health is the best kind of wealth. Those who take broken constitutions to Killarney bring back a wealth of health and rich memories of joyous jaunts and daily admiration.

There are many persons so bent on travelling long distances in the spending of short holidays that they make their

holiday time the hardest in the year. Far more felicitous is the fate of those who elect to take their leisure and its incidental sport at an easier and more economical distance, among Queensland's undulating hills, and hill districts reached through rich farm lands, by iron road, past rippling streams, ascending over grassy, wooded ranges, through jealous cuttings making open landscape still more entrancing, on till it attains the Mecca of the enervated at a height 3,000 feet above the sea!

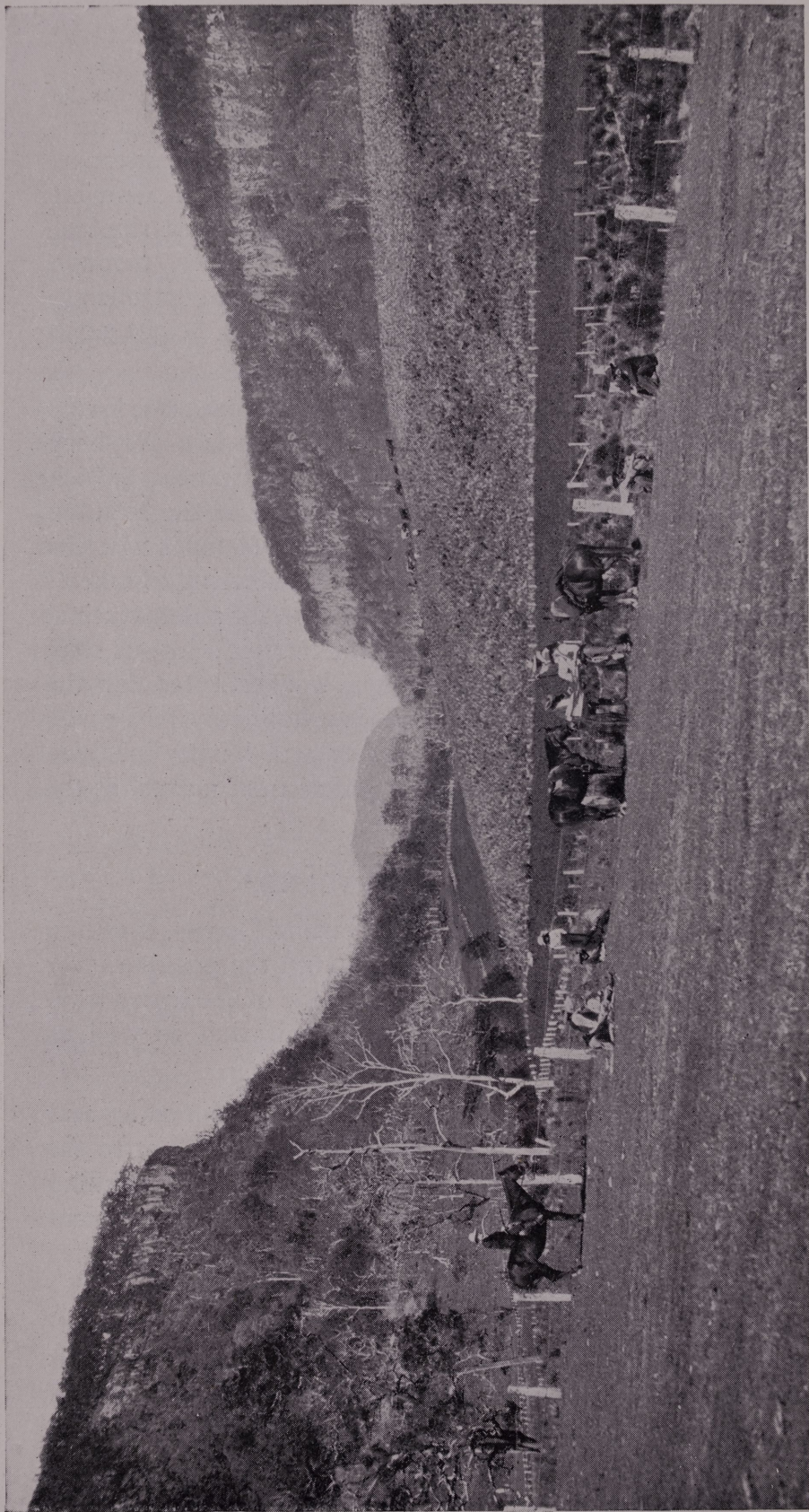
It is a lovely journey; lovely in the green season, lovely in its ripening tints, lovely when full fruition is a prophecy of the harvest that checks decay! It is a journey which makes travellers forgetful of the sultry haze of the city, the "dead timber of the desk." It bears them to fields of richness or splendid prophecy; it replaces the whirring of wheels with the gentle murmur of trees; it gives for the matutinal tramcar rattle and the train whistle the magpie's joyous song full of the magic of the morning; it substitutes for the sophistry of the mart and the office the holiness of Nature's Temples; it offers, in place of haste and bustle, ineffable calm; it increases knowledge and makes man marvel at the wondrous architecture of the world.

EN ROUTE TO TOOWOOMBA.

Toowoomba, the capital of the Darling Downs, is rich in railway communication with Brisbane, but the genuine lover of Nature will prefer to travel there by one of the trains leaving early in the morning. There's inspiration as well as freshness in the early morning.

The train stops at Helidon for refreshments, and thoughts of a famous mineral water intrude, but not to the extent of making travellers oblivious of the refreshing character of the tea provided in the Railway Refreshment Rooms. At some distance beyond Helidon the journey gives frequent glimpses of a silvery stream of river-like proportions in bountiful seasons. Shortly after this interesting waterway is left behind a scene of thrilling beauty is entered upon. Words can give but a very pale portrait of its loveliness and grandeur.

Passing over a track so winding as to be at times almost spiral the train moves on with serpentine motion, ascending



KILLARNEY, CAMBANORA GAP, situated near the head of the Condamine River, in the Main Range. The country is rough, and abounds in beautiful landscapes.



OLIVE TREES, WESTBROOK, NEAR TOOWOOMBA.

higher and higher through mountain scenes, dashing through jealous tunnels and cuttings which exasperatingly, though momentarily, shut out the scenic feast, and at last reaching an altitude from which the traveller may gaze far, far away over a vast expanse of undulating grassed and wooded ranges to which distance lends varying colours ranging from olive green to grey, from the ocean's blue to the violet's purple.

Almost might one imagine the scene to reveal not *terra firma* and arborescence but the irregular surface of a vast inland sea.

From Spring Bluff, where the natural beauties of the scene are added to by the beauty of the trees which shade the railway station—the pale purple-blossomed jacaranda, which is a favourite subject for the brush of Queensland artists—the railway ascends until it reaches Harlaxton, where it attains an elevation of 2,003 feet.

The ranges seem to recede, as though their task of revelation were finished as the way leads by a slight descent to Toowoomba. *Au revoir* “to mountains clad with forests.”

We are now in an urban region marked by willow-lined brooks, ruddy roads, grassy plots and verdant foliage. All hail, Toowoomba!

TOOWOOMBA.

There is not in all Australia a more beautiful or more interestingly situated inland city than Toowoomba. Its natural advantages make it pre-eminent in beauty, its proximity to the richest and largest agricultural area in the Commonwealth assures its importance and prosperity. Statistics have an eloquent voice, and statistics for many years have proclaimed Toowoomba's substantiality and solvency. Year by year its population increases; in its marts and at its Central Railway Depôt are great daily evidences of the fertility immediately at hand and of the enterprise and industry of those who have made their homes in the areas adjoining.

In winter its climate is cold enough to give visitors and the inhabitants a full understanding of the fascination of the fireside; in summer it is sufficiently cool to admit of social gaieties which have been suspended in Brisbane and Sydney.

Invariably for many summers, it has been chosen by the Governor of Queensland as a place of summer residence. The social whirlpool in the Toowoomba of thirty or forty years ago knew the old-time squatter well, and he has earned at least a century of gratitude inasmuch as that he and his kind embellished Toowoomba with substantially built and tastefully planned residences which to-day stand embowered among the stately trees and old-world foliage of their extensive grounds.

Toowoomba is very fortunate in its name, which in the aboriginal language signifies "Gathering of the Waters." The Darling Downs, of which it is the capital, were named in 1827 by the explorer Cunningham, after Governor Darling of New South Wales. It stands on the heights of the Great Dividing Range, 4,921 feet above high-water level.

It is in the nature of the world's progress that places which were once beautiful wildernesses should become exploited as summer resorts, and before long be bereft of much of their original beauty, but the unique position of Toowoomba will preserve its charm of forest, mountain, glen and fern.

The best view of the Range is obtainable at Picnic Point, a pleasant tree-planted reserve overlooking a grand expanse of tree-clad mountain tops. There is something communicative and magnetic in the view. Nature talks to the thoughtful and the solitary, using as words and sentences the hills with their wooded grandeur, the wind with its psalms, the shadows with their mystery, the sky with its infinite sapphire, and, in the spring-time, the wattles with their golden sweetness and glory.

"Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her."

Immemorial suns have shone, immemorial rains have beaten upon the Great Dividing Range, wilful winds have swept it, portentous silences which eloquently foretold the coming of storms have held it—how long no man can tell. Still it stands with its canopied crests—an emblem of steadfastness—showing in this age, as it will show in many succeeding ages, a stubborn resistance to those giant forces which make the slow changes in the surface of the world.

As science advances old knowledge becomes ignorance. The artist, the incipient poet, or the simple Nature-lover who looks from Picnic Point on the enchanting scene to-day, knows that earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, and the fierce torrential rush of diverted inland seas have all played their part in forming the landscape, in building the lordly ranges, in carving the course of streams and waterfalls, in giving character to the soil and those things above and below its surface.

The silences of Time are profound, but the twentieth century geologist can extract the story of prehistoric violence from such simple facts as the position and character of bones and boulders.

Agricultural and dairy products—wheat, maize, lucerne, oats, fruit, wine, cream, butter, poultry, eggs, timber—such are the primary productions of the Toowoomba district, and one sees demonstrations in their development in drives through Drayton, Middle Ridge, where there is a large German population, and Harlaxton. Despite the evidence of quick cheerful industry, the observer experiences a feeling of profound peace. Amid such harmonious scenes Queensland is rearing a nation worthy of the land.

To know Toowoomba really well it would be necessary to visit it in each of the seasons. The vine in the bud is beautiful; how much more beautiful the vine in full fruit! How utterly changed is the colouring of a landscape when the green shoot of development has passed to the ear in its ripeness!

Toowoomba surely must have been very happy in its successive town councillors. Its wide streets almost wholly lined with noble trees tell of early forethought and artistic tastes. Most of these trees are of species found in the forests of lands beyond the sea—oak, beech, elm, ash, poplar, etc.—and when their foliage is at the full Toowoomba seems almost too lavish of beauty.

The municipal fathers, too, have shown much wisdom in the matter of reserving sites overlooking the Range, and in maintaining parks, botanic gardens, and sports grounds. Willow-lined brooks within the city area also emphasise the

quality of aldermanic taste. Waterworks, a reservoir and several pumping-stations provide a complete water service, and there are municipal swimming-baths.

The public buildings are imposing, the churches substantial, the private residences of pleasing types of villa architecture, and good hotels and boarding-houses abound. There are two daily newspapers and a really satisfactory telephone service; motor garage, a taxi-cab service. The fact that Toowoomba contains many good residential schools is in accordance with the character of its climate.

Spring Bluff is a favourite picnic-ground with residents and visitors. It is approached by train through the beautiful scenery already described, or by a fascinating driving-road. Other interesting drives are those to Highfields and on the grimly-named Hell Hole road.

Being the central depôt for a number of branch railways, Toowoomba offers to the interested visitor railway trips to Crow's Nest, Pittsworth, Milmerran, Goombungee, Gowrie, Oakey, and Jondaryan, all interesting districts.

CROW'S NEST.

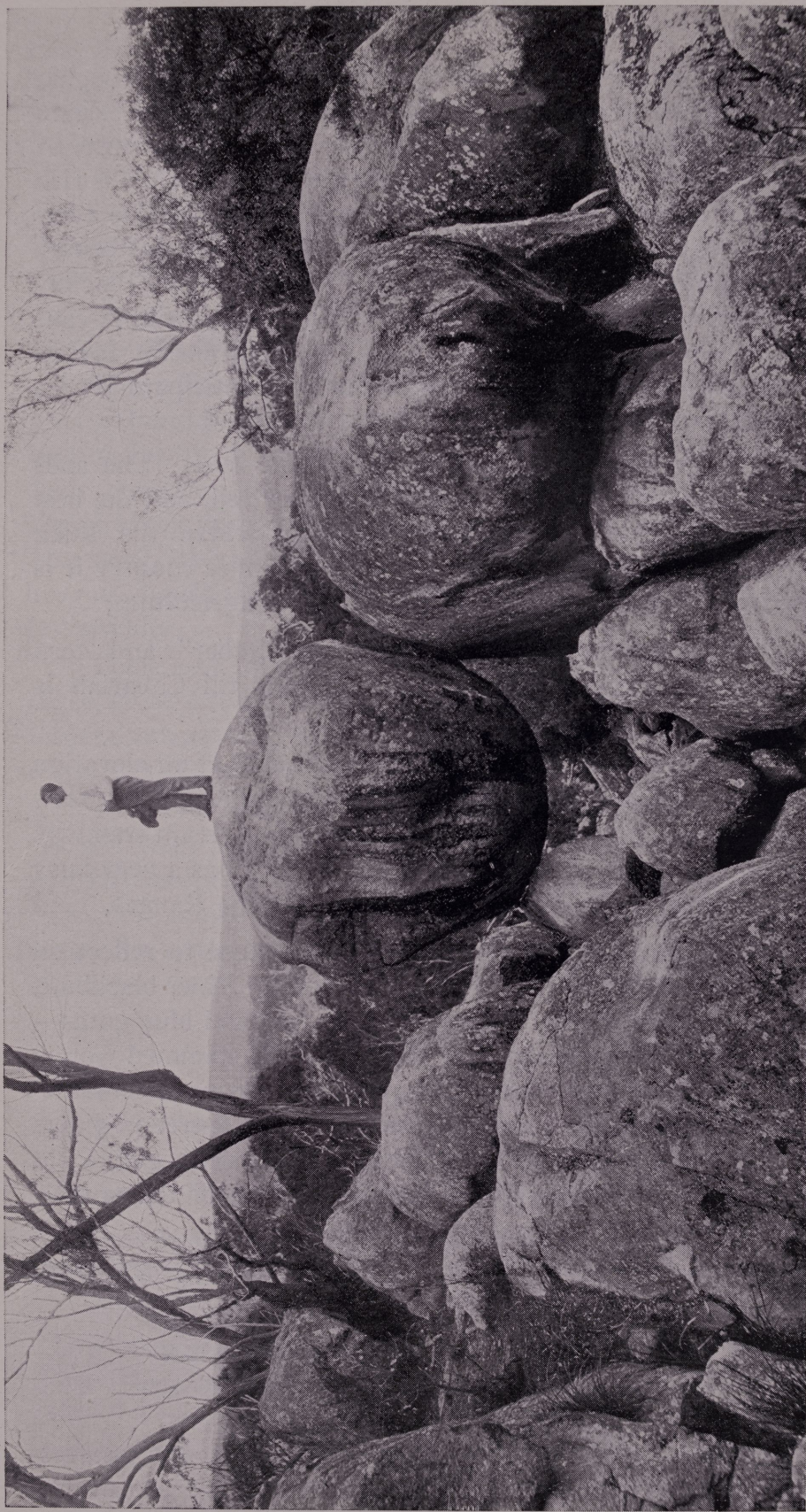
Crow's Nest is the terminus of a branch of railway running from Toowoomba in a north to north-easterly direction. The line was built mainly that it might convey timber from Crow's Nest and Pechey; it being also well understood that its construction would give an impetus to agriculture and dairying. The train service conveniently admits visitors with little time to spare to make a one-day accomplishment of the return journey. The route is interesting and at times really beautiful.

After leaving Toowoomba a few minutes suffice for the arrival at Willowburn, a station near a babbling brook amply described by its name. On the hill above is a State institution for the mentally afflicted.

The railway route now begins to traverse lands of varying conformation. By green hills, flats, ridges, scrub, clearings, gullies, and farms, it takes its way, always providing something of interest to those who have a natural capacity for appreciation. Here one sees a windmill courting the



PICKING "CLEOPATRA" APPLES, ORCHARD, BLUE MOUNTAIN. A lovely crop; trees laden with fruit.



PART OF "THE CAVES," in a direct line about 2 miles from Stanthorpe. The large hanging rock is almost immediately over the entrance:

breeze, there a group of haystacks standing for forethought; next patches of red soil ploughed on the ridges. At certain seasons the landscape is brightened by bountiful growths of bush flowers—the buttercup, which always proclaims a rich soil, the fragile blue-bell, the wild pea blossom, and the everlasting daisies to which Nature gives long life and beauty as compensation for their poverty of perfume. Placidly reflective cows on a grassy slope are a prophecy of milk-cans at the next railway station; a hill cleared, except for its coronet of pines or gums, makes the eyes anticipatory of a sawmill.

At Meringandan beautiful farms are seen. The soils are of rich chocolate, of varying shades of red, and the best black. Exceptionally rich soil appears where the thick scrubs have been cleared, but in the big timber country it is apparently more suitable for grazing than agriculture.

After leaving Kleinton the “big timber” and fern country is reached and the route ascends till Cabarlah is attained.

Mount Pleasant, very pleasantly situated at an elevation of 2,012 feet, is passed. Later comes Hampton, 2,311 feet. Connecting with the railway at Hampton is a steam tramway owned by a large sawmill proprietary, which has a very busy and modern sawmill hidden somewhere in the Ranges.

On arrival at Crow’s Nest one can pause to reflect on the wealth of timber that has been passed. Pine, blackbutt, stringybark, ironbark, turpentine, grey, red and blue gums—many of them of enormous size—straight-stemmed young gums, stalwart and stately old gums expressing the mathematical charm of proportion; wattles, oaks, ti-trees; giants of the forest still with their crests to the sky; giants cut down in their pride, and awaiting subdivision by the saw.

Surely there must be among the timber-getters round about some who would be fitted by Henry Kendall’s description:—

“His knowledge is this—he can tell in the dark
What timber will split by the feel of the bark.”

Crow’s Nest is no unpromising hamlet. It is a progressive town in which all the comforts of life are procurable,

and it contains many residents who are justly proud of its progress, climate, and its resources. Its native name is "Dambagoondamine," meaning "a general crossing-place." It is surrounded by a rich agricultural land, and is a dairying and pig-raising centre. Though generally supposed to be on the Downs it is not really so, but actually lies on the eastern slope of the Main Range. There is an abundance of running water, and by tapping the earth at a very shallow depth well supplies are obtainable.

The winters of Crow's Nest are bracing, its summers are mild and hot winds are unknown. For years past it has been a favourite resort of visitors desirous of building up their constitutions, and the suitability of the high lands round about for sanatoria purposes is frequently discussed, Hampton, which is on the crest of the Range, and Ravensbourne, which is off the beaten track, being especially favourable.

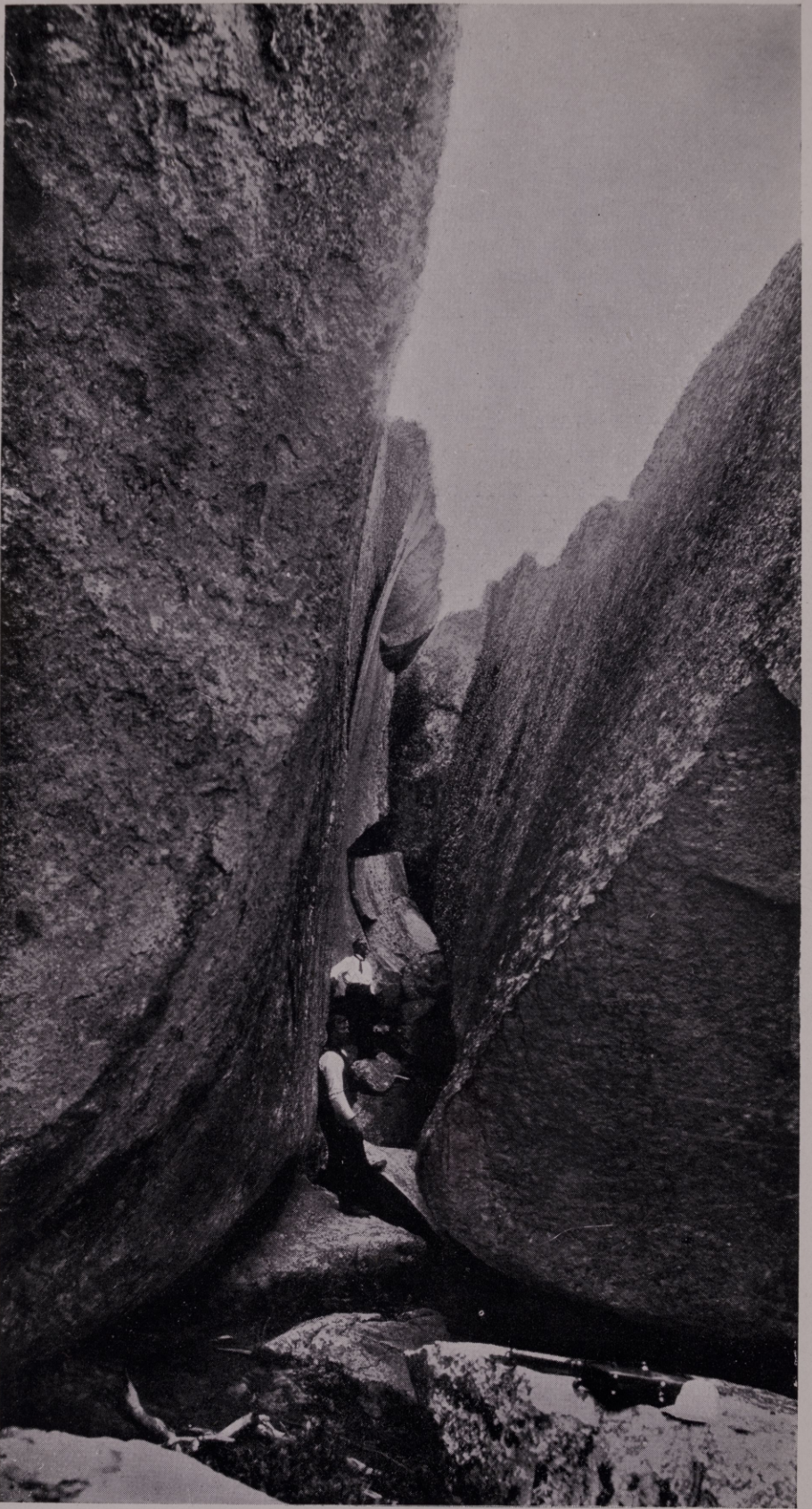
There are several pretty waterfalls at a few miles distance from Crow's Nest. The district, also, is not without mineral attractions, gold and tin having been found in small quantities.

Wherever one goes at Crow's Nest—whether it is to the well-kept piggeries, to the dairies where the Shorthorns worthily maintain the honour of their milking strain, to the cultivated lands where potatoes hide, lucerne fields smile, corn-cobs ripen, and wheat grains harden—prosperity wears a genuine smile.

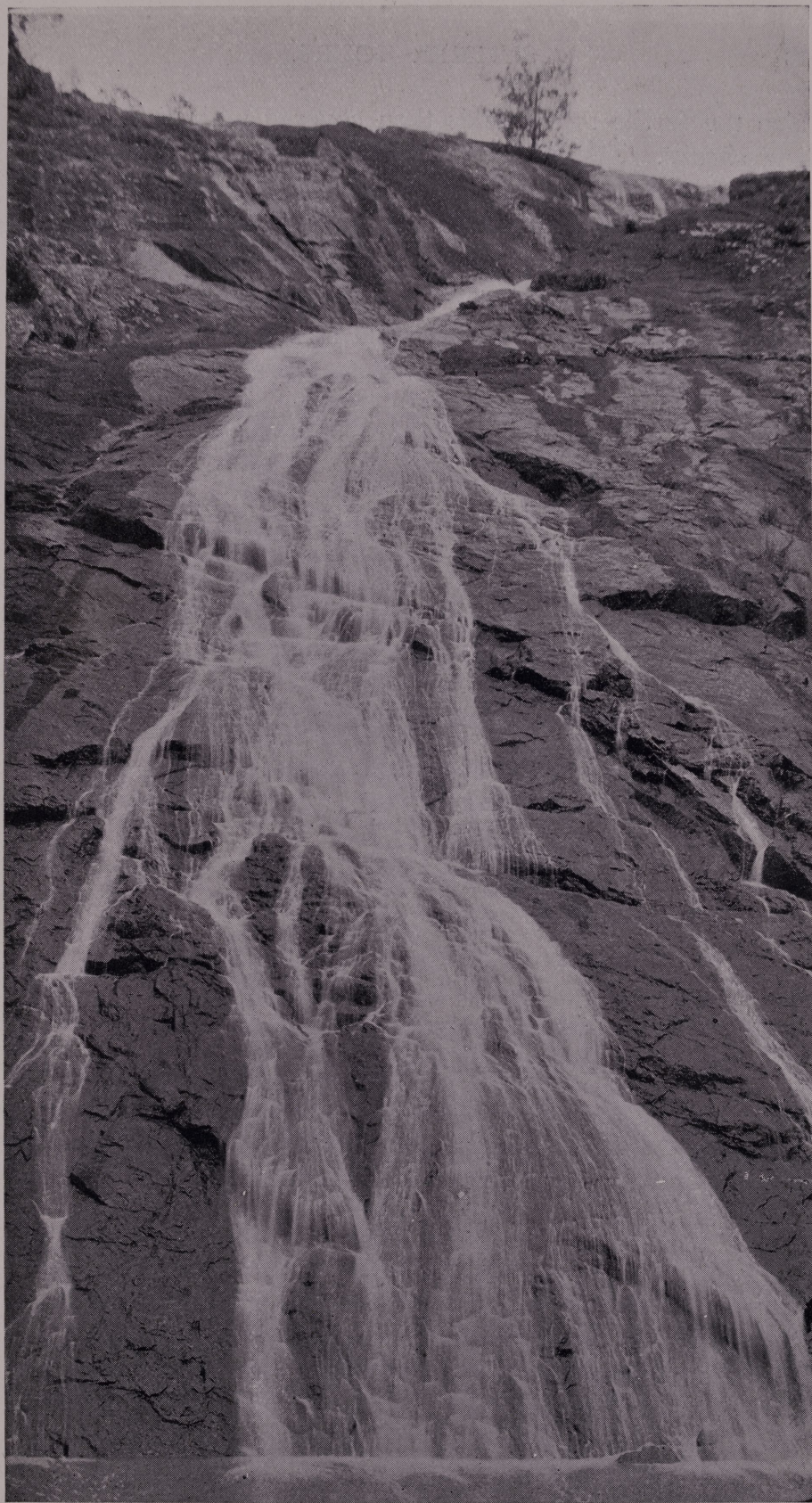
PITTSWORTH.

The town and district of Pittsworth have communication with Toowoomba and the rest of the wide, wide world by a line of railway branching off from the main line at Wyreema. There is a daily service to and from Toowoomba, and the passenger accommodation is of a very comfortable character. The branch line passes through the fertile lands of the Darling Downs, the soil being chiefly black.

Pittsworth originally formed part of the Felton Estate, owned by that famous squatter-millionaire, the late Hon. James Tyson. Close settlement speedily followed the departmental act of making the area available for selection. Not merely the black-soil plains were quickly acquired, but



DONNELLEY'S CASTLE (about 12 miles from Stanthorpe).



UNDERCLIFFE FALLS ON BOOKOOKARARA CREEK (18 miles from Stanthorpe). A most picturesque spot.

also the fertile scrub lands then covered with cypress pine and shrubs. These lands are largely held by men from the Rhine-land, whose stout hearts did not quail before the prospect of the hard toil necessary to make them fit for the plough.

The area of cultivation around Pittsworth has increased annually, and, when the seasons are at their best, the cultivated plains which stretch away to the southward and the ridges with their fertile slopes make a picture likely to be long remembered. Wheat, barley, oats, lucerne and maize are the crops usually sown, and provident agriculturalists who combine dairying with other branches of farming invariably have good stocks of fodder on hand. Dairying, indeed, may be said to be the staple industry of the district. Pittsworth farmers pride themselves upon their well-bred herds, and at the Pittsworth Pastoral, Agricultural and Horticultural Annual Show the dairy cattle on exhibition will be found equal to the standard of metropolitan displays.

The crude methods of agriculture which are still practised in Asia and some of the Latin countries do not suit the present generation at Pittsworth. The most modern American farming implements are in use, and a dozen steam threshing machines prepare the wheat for the mill.

The architecture of the houses, too, is a vast improvement on the old style of bush cottage with its low-roofed back rooms and detached kitchen.

When one considers the short time which has elapsed since the Pittsworth lands were thrown open for selection, the progress of the district seems almost marvellous. As a closer population settlement it is not thirty years old, yet it wears an air of conscious maturity.

The fact that coal is to be found throughout the Pittsworth District is only in accordance with its prehistoric story. In the good seasons of which Pittsworth has had such an abundance, it may be that, if there are any confirmed grumblers among the population, they have had to search their minds for cause of complaint to the same extent as the chronic "growler," mentioned by Mark Twain, who bemoaned his fate, because, alas! there were too many prehistoric toads in his coal.

CROSSING THE DOWNS.

The train journey across that part of "the garden of Queensland" which lies between Toowoomba and Warwick has been, to use a favourite colloquialism, "an eye-opener" to many thousands of interstate travellers. The total area of the Darling Downs is something over 4,000,000 acres of chocolate, red, and black soil.

There is no mere surface richness about the Darling Downs soil. It remains of the same quality to a depth of from 4 feet to 60 feet and even much deeper. In the whole of the area there is no sterile land, and the portions unsuitable for intense cultivation are of very insignificant extent. The area is well watered by streams which have their source in the Ranges, and at almost any part of it water is obtainable at a distance of a few feet by boring. The average rainfall is upwards of 30 inches; the heaviest falls occurring between January and March. The mean maximum temperature is 83.8, the mean minimum 38.9 degrees.

Scientists who have busied themselves in piecing together the prehistoric story of Australia agree that the Darling Downs area has been subject to several extraordinary changes. The æons which have passed since it first rose above the level of the sea as the result of volcanic disturbance and the subsequent æons in which it was subject to further volcanic action are immeasurable. The coal beds which have been discovered here and there have shown that vast ferns of a species not now existent must once have grown upon its surface, and there is also abundant evidence to prove that it had been later either wholly covered by the waters of an inland sea or partially by groups of lakes. Scientific belief further attaches to a theory that this region, where now lives a thriving community of farmers, also knew an age in which it was mere marsh land, with a coarse reedy vegetation, among which wandered huge animals of which now only some scattered fossil bones remain. Débris of shells of many kinds as well as the fossil bones of mammoths have been discovered at depths above and below 60 feet; Clifton, Dalby, Emu Creek, Gowrie Creek, and other creeks being localities which have furnished a prehistoric tale. It is surmised that the lake beds and marshes were

gradually filled up with drift, and by the same gradual process the channel of the stream now known as the Condamine was deepened, effecting the work of draining the country, and making pleasant downs where once were dismal swamps.

The first white man to stand and survey the Downs was Allan Cunningham, a botanist with a bent for exploring. After suffering many set-backs, much fatigue and deprivation in an overland journey from the Upper Hunter district of New South Wales, he finally reached the banks of the Condamine on 5th June, 1827—a grand day indeed in the history of Australian development.

Although Cunningham discovered “the Downs” in 1827, the first settlement of them did not occur till thirteen years later. The original arrival for settlement purposes was made in 1840 by Patrick Leslie, a sturdy squatter from a New South Wales district below the Liverpool Range.

The name Gowrie Junction, attached to a railway station reached shortly after leaving Toowoomba on the way to Warwick and the New South Wales border, will be noticed with interest by most travellers. Wide fame attaches to some of the products of Gowrie, products which are household words.

Westbrook, a town further along the route is, like Gowrie, notable in the squatting as well as the agricultural and dairying history of Queensland—a description which applies to most of the population centres on the Downs. As a station property Westbrook passed through various hands, eventually being bought by a New South Wales politician, Sir Patrick Jennings, and his partner. Sir Patrick was the first Downs land-owner to introduce the famous South Coast (N.S.W.) dairy cattle to a Downs acreage.

Most of the lands about Westbrook came under the Government Repurchase scheme, and are now closely populated.

Cambooya, the oldest town on the Downs, being left behind, the train shortly arrives at Greenmount, which is appropriately named, being adjacent to several grassy hills. Greenmount is celebrated for its butter and cheese and its malt barley, the latter having gained prizes even in America, the great home of scientific farming.

One of the many flattering opinions formed by the observer on this journey will attach to the improved character of the dwellings on the farms and in the towns. Some of the newer residences are painted white and have red roofs which add picturesque touches of colour to the landscape. One is apt to wish that, for the sake of beauty, the glaring unpainted galvanised iron roofs would wholly disappear.

At Hendon is a branch railway to Allora and Goomburra. Toolburra, which formed part of Patrick Leslie's station, then, shortly, Warwick, the wealthy and beautiful.

WARWICK.

“Happy the man, in busy schemes unskilled,
Who, living simply like our sires of old,
Tills the few acres which his fathers tilled,
Vexed by no thought of usury or gold.”

There are farmers in the Warwick district who farm the lands their fathers farmed before them. “Vexed by no thought of usury or gold,” because their prosperity is a true story told by their bank-books, by the deference awarded them in the halls of commerce, in the highways of Warwick, and at the annual exhibitions of the National Association in Brisbane. They differ, too, from Horace's ideal “simple-lifer” in being skilled in the schemes which belong to expert operations in primary production in this brightly-illuminated century.

Their lives, no doubt, are wholesomely simple, although the salt beef diet which satisfied their fathers has been modified to admit of juicier meats and generous variety in vegetables.

It has always been the habit to depreciate the existing generation and applaud that which has gone before, but surely, though the Darling Downs may have known a noble generation whose nobility was supported by a diet of “salt junk” alone, an equally noble race may be evolved out of a diet which includes gravies and greens. It is not merely in the architecture of his house and in his adoption of Yankee notions that the Downs farmer of to-day differs

from his father. He has realised that, although it may be possible for man, woman and child to live by "salt junk" alone, there is more honour in growing vegetables and eating them than in resolving to regard them exclusively as city luxuries.

Warwick having been established in 1847 is now in a position to make comparisons between fathers and sons, and to take pride in its ancestry. The site of the town was selected at the request of the New South Wales Government by Patrick Leslie. The native name of the locality was Gooragooby, a sufficiently euphonious designation to have answered all purposes, had there not been, in the early days of settlement, an aversion to native names.

For many years the country round about Warwick was devoted to the breeding and grazing of sheep and cattle, except for the small agricultural experiments of squatters. In these days of swift transit by railway it is interesting to recall that the first wool sent away from the Downs had to be lowered down the eastern side of Cunningham's Gap by ropes.

The town of Warwick was incorporated in 1861, and is in itself a brilliant tribute to its aldermen. It has wide streets lined with beautiful trees, well-kept side-walks and highways, pretty and extensive botanical gardens, parks and playing-fields. An expert gardener with his heart in his work has succeeded in carrying out the desire of the councillors to make the public gardens both beautiful and instructive, and there is perhaps more arboreal variety in Warwick than in any town in Queensland. Canadian and English elms, the flame tree, mountain ash, English oak, plane, fir, pepperina, poplar, cedar and other trees line the side-walks and avenues beside the parks. The pioneers have been remembered in the naming of some of the parks, which are respectively Cunningham, Leslie, Queen and Victoria Parks.

Every householder seems to have a taste for gardening. Lilac trees bear a wealth of purple in Spring. Noticeable are other blooms, doubly pleasing because they belong to cool climes only.

The business streets of Warwick are conveniently level, but some of the suburban portions lie on gentle slopes, and command a fine view of hillside farms and the river.



PALING YARD CREEK, with the most westerly of the Pyramid Mountains in the distance.



STANTHORPE, SENTIMENTAL ROCKS: These peculiarly formed masses of granite are only half a mile from Stanthorpe.

Warwick people take much pride in their schools and Technical College. The School of Arts library evidences the existence of cultured tastes in the community.

One of the most charming features of Warwick is the nearness of the farms, those on the Glengallan repurchased lands running on sublime hill slopes right up to the town boundaries, thus including all the voluptuous greens of young crops or the gold of ripe harvests in a comprehensive view of the town.

Gold, copper, manganese and coal have been found at short distances from the town. The existence of coal in large quantities is well known, and it is expected that coal-mining may yet add much to the wealth of the district, and the dim geologic past be merged in the prosperity of the present and future.

The Condamine flows very placidly by Warwick, but is a much more hurried stream near Killarney. It comes

“From the hill-sides, where, in starts and in spasms,
Leaps wild the white torrent from chasms to chasms.”

and asserts itself noisily nearer its beginning.

Warwick is blessed with a regular rainfall, consequently its fertility is always abundantly apparent. It is the depôt for the branch railways to Thallon, Killarney, and Maryvale. The most recent extension is that to Maryvale.

ALLORA.

Allora is approached by a branch line of railway from Hendon. It was for years the terminus of a line built on the guarantee system, but the railway has since been extended another 8 miles to Goomburra. Allora is a beautifully-situated town. It is rare to find a country town site so well chosen in every respect, and when such is found it is worth recording.

As one approaches it over the 3 miles of railway from Hendon, a pleasing impression of completeness is gained. Mountains enclose a cultivated valley in which the slopes are so gentle as to be hardly discernible, yet there is

no unpleasant suggestion of flatness. Forming a close background to the pretty town are several detached hills, one of which, Mount Allora, commands so pleasant a view and is so breezy that, unless it is irrevocably reserved, it should some day be an ideal suburb.

The town is picturesquely laid out at right angles. Its streets are tree-lined, its buildings substantial, and its private gardens a flowery feast to the eye.

Four miles away is Mount View Nursery, one of the most beautiful and interesting in the State. It consists of a very large orchard in which are grown all the stone fruits, apples, pears, oranges, lemons, quinces, loquats, almonds, chestnuts, persimmons, olives, walnuts, mulberries, strawberries and blackberries. A large variety of wine and table grapes flourish in the vine section, and flowers, shrubs, ornamental trees and choice vegetables are grown to perfection.

The wayside inn has, in most cases, been the beginning of Australian townships, but the first building on the present site of Allora was a blacksmith's forge, patronised by travellers going across the Dalrymple River. To-day the town has a population of over 1,600, and is one of the most social on the Downs.

Wheat-growing and dairying provide the principal products of the farms. Since the establishment of creameries and butter factories, the Allora and Goomburra farmers have become engrossed in twice-daily cows, but not to the extent of neglecting "to plough and sow, reap and mow," by methods so modern that they make the one-horse one-plough days seem antediluvian.

"To labour," says a Latin proverb, "is to pray." If the proverbial statement is not hyperbolic, there should be something especially acceptable in the prayerfulness of agricultural labour.

The Allora farmers farm intensely, sowing the same land in one year with several varieties of crops. Among the green corn stalks, with their tasselled tops, they grow mammoth melons, marrows and pumpkins, "those colossal oranges of the cornfields," as Oliver Wendell Holmes, who had seen something of intense farming in his own country, called them.

The soil of Allora is rich black. Its stickiness in wet weather is atoned for by the fact that it sticks to the farmers comfortably all the year round, as the agricultural returns conclusively prove.

The first wheat crops in the Allora district were harvested in 1862, a date which seems ancient to the farmers of Allora and Goomburra to-day, although the Chinese recorded a history of wheat-culture as early as 2700 B.C., and it may be, so slow is progress behind the Great Wall, that the Chinese agriculturists of 3000 B.C. were quite as advanced in their methods as the home-keeping brothers of the John Chinaman who so placidly and primitively grows cabbages for Australian consumption to-day.

KILLARNEY.

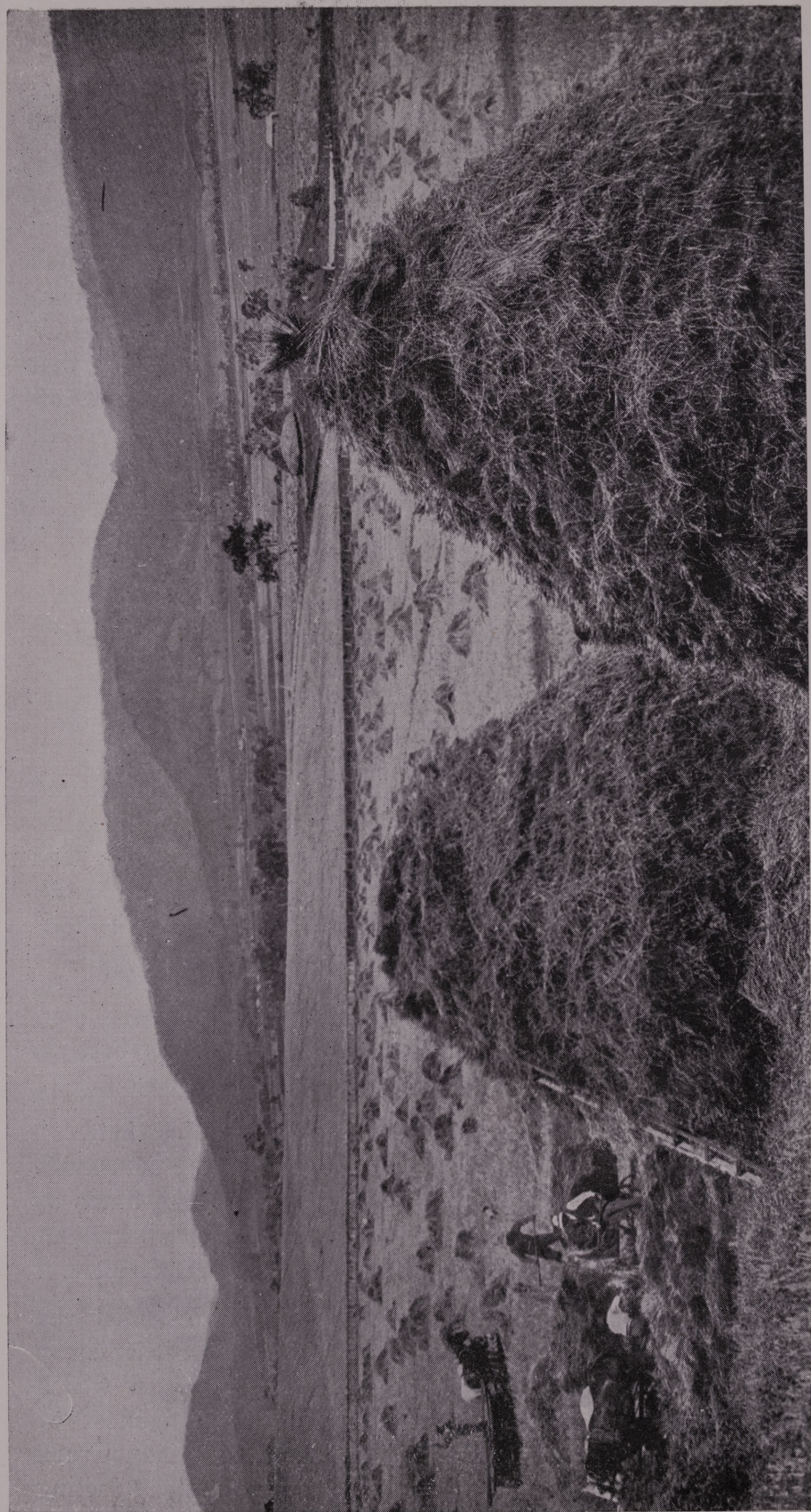
“Beauty’s home, Killarney,
Heaven’s reflex, Killarney!”

The beauty of Ireland’s Killarney has been made famous for centuries in song and story; the beauty of Queensland’s Killarney remains to be sung in words and music worthy of the subject and the scene. The traveller in Ireland has to class himself untravelled till he has seen Killarney and its lakes, and no adjective is sufficiently forceful to express the depth of the deprivation of the Queenslander who has not seen Killarney in Queensland.

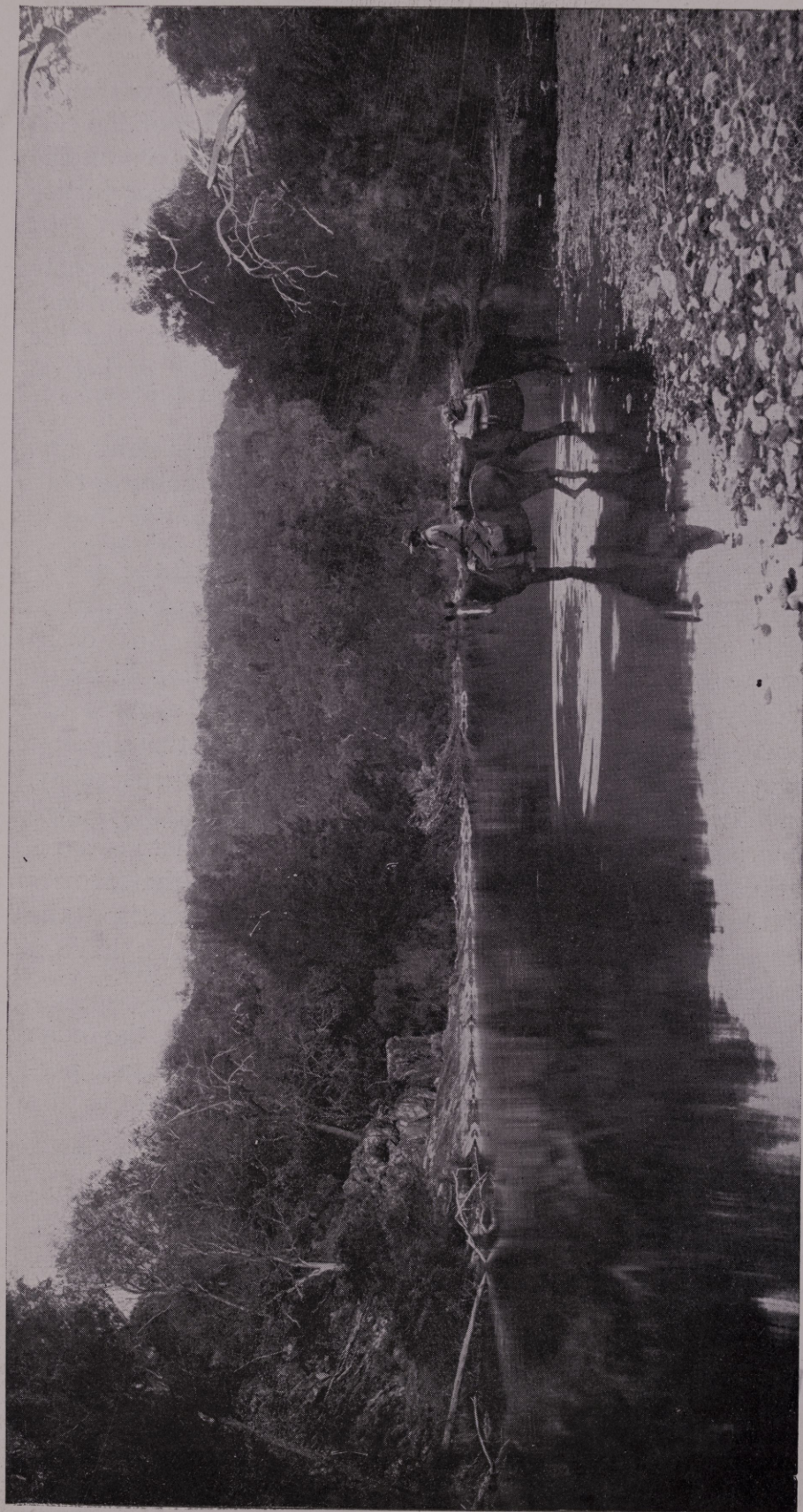
It is possible to leave Brisbane by the Sydney mail train at 7.50 a.m., and, with a short interval at Warwick, to reach Killarney shortly after 6 p.m.

To enjoy the inestimable boon of travelling between Swan Creek and Killarney, and to have seen the surroundings of Killarney itself, are worth a journey six times as long. Men who have roamed the globe acclaim Killarney absolute perfection, and are its most frequent advertisers.

In the beauties of Killarney must be included the delightful little trip from Warwick. It is interesting from the outset, but the comfortable complacency with which one surveys the neatness, fertility, and productiveness of Hermitage and the rural scenery *en route* till Swan Creek is reached and Yangan is close at hand is a cold, dead feeling



HARVESTING WHEAT, YANGAN, KILLARNEY LINE.



SCENE ON THE SEVERN RIVER.

in comparison to the warmth and intensity of the delight which grasps and holds the mind as the beauties of the rest of the journey are revealed. Even Ruskin, the inimitable painter of word pictures, could scarcely have done justice to such a scene.

No photograph can give any but an utterly inadequate conception of its loveliness. A mighty painter, perhaps, could convey some just impression of the subject, but the perfection of the picture can only be realised by gazing on the scene itself.

The hand of man has reclaimed the hills and dales, and Nature, thus aided, has achieved a landscape so sublime that, being once seen, it becomes a life-long memory.

In valley, on slope, nearly to the crests of the arbor-crowned hills, the surface, in spring-time, is marked almost with chess-board regularity, the various tints of crops contrasting completely with the chocolate or deep black of freshly-ploughed soil. Later in the year the squares are marked in green and gold, yet never is there the slightest suggestion of stiffness or monotony. Valley succeeds valley, but always they tend to be elliptical in form, as though especially designed by Nature to provide a generous spectacle. Here is no careless culture, and though the farmers of the incomparable region may assiduously practise "the gospel of getting-on," the gospel of beauty must have a home in their souls.

Surely Peace has altars here—perhaps on the edge of that distant grey-green expanse of hill scrub-land, perhaps on higher hills in the shadowy place of pine.

Once—little more than thirty years ago—all these valleys and hills were thickly wooded, unknown to agriculture, and deserted except when the station stockmen gathered for a muster on the furthestmost portions of station runs. At Swan Creek and Yangan, farming is an older story. What the pioneer scrub farmers of those regions lacked in money they possessed in patience, and Time trebly rewarded them.

Stones may not inappropriately belong to an idyll, and no apology is needed when mention is made of the quarries passed between Warwick and Yangan, quarries which

induce recollection of the fact that the substantial stone buildings observed in Warwick are built of stone obtained in the district. As cows, too, may with perfect propriety be included in pastoral poetry or its humbler relative, pastoral prose, it is not altogether gross to refer to the big output from the cheese and butter factories at Yangan. Neither, since there is nothing unseemly in Nature, should the reader turn up his nose when "yonder pig" and his natural corollary, the bacon factory, are granted a place in a pastoral narrative with or without poetical measure.

Thousands of pigs are fattened annually in the neighbourhood of Yangan, and among the beauties of Emu Vale. Up to the time that they "go to market," or to their doom, most of the pigs of the area of which Warwick is the centre live ideal lives from the porcine point of view. Some have as their playgrounds large yards, each with a pond in the middle, in which, if they choose, they may perform their ablutions. Attached to these yards are roofed-in sties. Each sty has a back door opening into a lane. A water service is laid on in pipes, but Dame Pig and her family usually drink separated milk, and enjoy a diet of boiled barley, young corn, lucerne, and other refined articles of consumption.

After passing Yangan, Rockbrae is reached at an elevation of 1,720 feet.

Emu Vale is approached through a succession of lovely valleys, surrounded by a line of hills. There is a large proportion of decomposed sandstone in the soil, and local farmers explain that the virtues of this addition are associated with the facts that it makes the soil more readily responsive to the touch of implements, and enables it to retain moisture. On the high-lying farms the soil is generally chocolate-coloured. The farm homesteads for the greater part picturesquely match the farms. Here and there a quaint touch is added by the thatched roofs of sheds and barns.

At a short distance from Emu Vale the Macpherson Range is cleft by a gorge well worth exploring because of its quality of grandeur. It leads up to one of the famous Munro timber-mills. There are also, not far from Emu Vale, some deep waterfalls in the midst of very varied foliage

of a character which will be particularised in the description of the attractions of Killarney.

At Tannymorel coal-mining intrudes into the industries of the locality, but does not encroach on its scenic perfection.

The township of Killarney is divided into two parts by a stream, and connected by a bridge which probably also joins the ambitions and sympathies of the residents on either side of it.

The flatter portion, North Killarney, contains the railway station, two fine hotels, some large halls, livery stables, and several of the principal business houses.

South Killarney is older and higher. In it are the State school, a very comfortable hotel, several banks, churches, &c.

The town gained its name from the fact that it was adjacent to several lake-like lagoons. One of these has been partially drained for agricultural purposes, but the larger one remains. In good seasons it is a fine expanse of water. Its edges are fringed with deep green, and at all times it is frequented by many varieties of water-fowl. Cranes and ibises stalk noiselessly through the edges of the lake, angling after a method of their own with their capable bills. Wild duck of many species and black swans—long distance travellers these—some of them perhaps having come from dried lagoons a thousand miles away. Divers, plovers, frail-legged cranes in miniature, and many species which only an expert in bird lore could name.

The Macpherson Range, wooded and rendered austere by a long line of cliffs close to its summit, looks down on the arcadian village—

“Grand old mountains, overbeetling brawling brooks and deep ravines.”

In the mountains are gorges, waterfalls, and innumerable attractions.

Four of the waterfalls are within 3 and 4 miles of Killarney, close enough to tempt active pedestrians, and easily approached by a short walk from a good driving road. Brown's Falls are the nearest, and are the scene of many rich excursions and merry picnics.

Spring Creek, of which the falls are part, has its source in shadowy steeps and dripping cliffs at the summit of the Range. It drips in cascades down precipitous rocks, receiving tributary trickles as it goes; gathering force and volume in its descent till it suddenly hurls itself down a series of fine falls.

A short steep walk up-hill; a slight circuit and a gentle decline bring the excursionists to the foot of the falls. Interesting though the bold water leap is, it is intensely rivalled by the wealth of music in the air, coming from feathered throats, and by the variety and beauty of the foliage and trees and the perfume of flowers.

Here are some of the first-born of the forest. Huge gums, stately cypress pines, glossy-leaved cedars, dark-hued kurrajong, silky oak, mahogany. Lesser trees and shrubs—the mimosa wattle with its feathery leaves, glossy-leaved holly, wild lemon—almost make a labyrinth. Inquisitive creepers ambitiously try to reach tall tree-tops; clematis drapes many a shrub and bough, and other climbers are prodigal of blossom. Fragile maiden-hair and other ferns of variety sufficient to make a comprehensive collection. In every Eden there is an intruder. Here it is the broad-leaved stinging tree, which, unless strangers are warned of it, may give them an uncomfortable half-hour.

Mosses everywhere! Cool mosses in lovely shades of green and grey. Scarcely could one have believed that moss could be so beautiful:—

“It lies among the sleeping-stones
Far down the hidden mountain’s glade,
And past its brink the torrent moans
For ever in a dreamy shade—
A little patch of dark-green moss
Whose softness grew of quiet ways
(With all its deep, delicious floss)
In slumbrous suns of summer days.”

Bird-life in abundance asserts itself all around. Pigeons with beautifully shaded plumage; gaudy parrots which seem to have stolen some of their colours from variegated sunsets. But it is the songsters that add most to the charm of the scene. Those noisy scandal-mongers of bird-



KILLARNEY. DAGG'S FALLS.

These Falls are within 3 miles of Killarney, and will well repay a visit.



PORTION OF BOONOO BOONOO FALLS.

land, the mutton-birds, may screech at the top of their scale, the cat-bird practise his peevish cry, and guttural "quoks" announce the presence in the choir of the ubiquitous crow, but the musical coo of the wonga-pigeon, the flute-like whistle and marvellous vocal technique of the magpie, the wonderful note of the fragile bell-bird will conquer all less pleasing sounds. Always the birds sing in the grand dialect of liberty.

The mountain atmosphere is inspirational. Here one must either make poetry or recall verse to recollection. The verses which most persistently recur are those of Henry Kendall, who was *par excellence* the poet of the Australian mountains and forests. The wonderful little bell-bird was a familiar creature to him—

"By the channels of coolness, the echoes are calling,
And down the dim gorges I hear the creek falling;
It lives in the mountain where moss and the sedges
Touch with their beauty the bank and their ledges,
Through breaks of the cedar and sycamore bowers
Struggles the light that is love to the flowers,
And softer than slumber and sweeter than singing
The notes of the bell-bird are running and ringing."

On Spring Creek, at a short distance from Brown's Falls, are the hatchery and breeding ponds for trout which were established in the "nineties" by the Acclimatization Society of Southern Queensland.

The scenery of the Condamine Gorge is wildly grand. The river winds tortuously through it, and in a ten-mile drive is crossed nearly a score of times. Its timbers are magnificent. It is full of bold echoes and bird song.

Timber-getting is a vast industry in the hills at Killarney and Emu Vale. The best and biggest timber forests are on plateaux high up in the mountains, where the sides are so steep that it is necessary to shoot the logs down until they reach a spot from which it is possible to remove them by bullock teams.

Magnificent views are obtainable from Mount Leslie, which stands close beside Killarney, and from Wilson's Peak, a sentinel mountain reached by the Condamine Gorge.

Nature has arranged an original picnic scheme round

about Killarney, a scheme full of pleasant plateaux and ferny shades. Nature, too, has allotted the locality a climate which is as nearly perfect as climate can be. Even at mid-summer it is necessary to use blankets, and mosquito-nets are a superfluity. There are no exhausting days, no languid nights at Killarney, no glassy stare from the windows over the way.

The richness of this scarred old earth speaks from Killarney's smiling farms. The dawns, the sunrises and sunsets of Killarney's summer days teach the utmost that human nature can know of divinity and infinity.

A TRIP TO TEXAS.

A trip to Texas, "the tobacco country," will add largely to knowledge of the richness of Queensland's resources. Texas lies on the north branch of the Dumaresque River, which forms a natural dividing line between Queensland and New South Wales. To reach it, it is necessary to travel by the South-Western Line, which branches off from the Main Line at Warwick, to Inglewood; the rest of the journey being completed by motor or mail coach.

One of the best bird's-eye views of Warwick is that seen from railway-carriage windows as the South-Western Mail Train passes on its way. Past river banks edged with oaks, over grassy ridges, by huge eucalypts, by apiaries, sheep paddocks and wheat farms lies the way.

Many of the railway stations have been named in honour of pioneers—Allan, Leslie, Cunningham, Thane, Gore, each in their names expresses appreciation of deeds of the past. Those who bore these names braved dangers and hardships. Many a lonely bush grave tells of the fate of white men who fell victims to the spears of the wild blacks, who in the early days of white settlement were very numerous on the Downs and in the adjoining districts. Brave, gently-bred women, too, did their share of pioneering, cheerfully bearing and rearing children under conditions which the wife of the town labourer of to-day would regard as absolutely savage.

Greymare, which is about 20 miles from Warwick, is dotted with huge boulders of which, if this were an

English or continental guide-book, it would assuredly be written that "they seem to have been tossed about by Titans at play." Certainly, wherever seen, such loose-lying boulders give an eccentric touch to the scene. The town of Inglewood lies in a clearing in a red-soiled scrub. Its proportions keep on increasing, although the railway goes far beyond it, a fact which proves the substantiality of such resources as it possesses.

The coach road to Texas passes mainly through heavily-timbered country. Sombre brigalow scrubs enclose it at intervals; occasionally it is diversified by pleasant pine ridges, by belts of belar. Mighty eucalyptus trees shade it, and for one very long stretch it passes through intense forests of wattle.

To a mind not attuned to the simpler notes of life's music, the way may seem monotonous, but there are mellow sounds in the air—the songs and chirping of birds.

With an important flutter of wings, magpies rise and, all unconsciously, give demonstrations in that method of locomotion which is the pivot of one of the most fascinating and ambitious projects of the scientific inventor to-day.

The thriving town of Texas is divided into two parts. The older and most low-lying portion was submerged by the historic "ninety flood." Buildings were washed away, and almost the whole population, including a woman with a very young infant, lived for days, without food, in the branches of tall trees. Apparently concluding that such a flood was a phenomenon not likely to occur again within a century some of the inhabitants rebuilt their inns on the spot which had suffered so severely, but others moved to the high-lying red-soiled ridge, formerly the site of a station stockyard, on which Texas proper now stands.

The site is admirable. Naturally drained, with clean roads and fertile soil, it supplies inducements to residents to make their homes beautiful and substantial. The buildings have a trim, well-tended appearance, and most of them have tasteful flower-gardens. Horticulture is an easy art where there are such advantages of soil.

The rapid extension of Texas township is due to the

large increase in tobacco culture and dairying in the surrounding area. Wherever land has been made available it has been quickly settled and improved, and primary production speedily entered upon. Within a few years other areas will be resumed, and then Texas will in all probability double its present population.

At present it contains four hotels, general and produce stores, a bank, an auctioneering business, several churches, a public hall and skating-rink, school of arts, a busy post and telegraph office and telephone exchange, a thoroughly modern State school, a bootmaker, chemist, and other businesses.

Close beside the town is Wills and Co's rehandling tobacco factory, at which over forty persons are employed all the year round. A cheese factory was unfortunately destroyed by fire, but from its ashes has arisen a butter factory project which may better suit the pockets of the farmers.

The Texas State school building demonstrates the improved type of school architecture now being generally adopted by the Department of Public Instruction in Queensland. It is lighted and ventilated on the best scientific principles and supplied with modern fittings.

There are quite a number of "lions" to see at Texas.

Texas Station homestead is about a mile away on the Queensland side of the Dumaresque. According to the easy-going chronology of the oldest inhabitants it was established in the "forties" by the brothers McDougall. The McDougalls were tall Scotchmen with a wild Highland strain in them. They were hospitable and generous, reckless riders, and splendid marksmen. As well as Texas they owned Gunyan and other stations, but to-day all that is left of them in that region are some family graves and a prominent place in local anecdote.

The homestead at Texas Station is one of those comfortable station-houses which have been added to from time to time to suit the tastes and requirements of a succession of occupants. It has an interesting old garden, in which are some of the graves of the McDougall household, and a background of enormous willow-trees. In these days, in which

railways and telegraphs have annihilated distance, and household illumination keeps place with the march of general progress, Texas Station homestead, like most homes of the kind, has telephone communication, and is brilliantly lit by acetylene gas—comforts found also at some of the best farms.

Texas run lies on both sides of the river. The enterprising company which now owns it was responsible for the erection of a lofty suspension foot-bridge to establish communication with the opposite bank in times of flood. This bridge is kept in excellent repair, and is so strong that experts make astonishing statements about its carrying capacity.

The Dumaresque River was named by the explorer Cunningham after one of his best friends when he crossed it on his journey of discovery in 1827. Rising in distant ranges it boldly begins to assert itself in the rugged New England country. There it is known as the Severn, and takes successively the names Dumaresque, Macintyre, Barwon, and Darling before its waters join those of the Murray on their long journey to the sea.

Texas residents take some pride in the fact that their river is the longest in Australia.

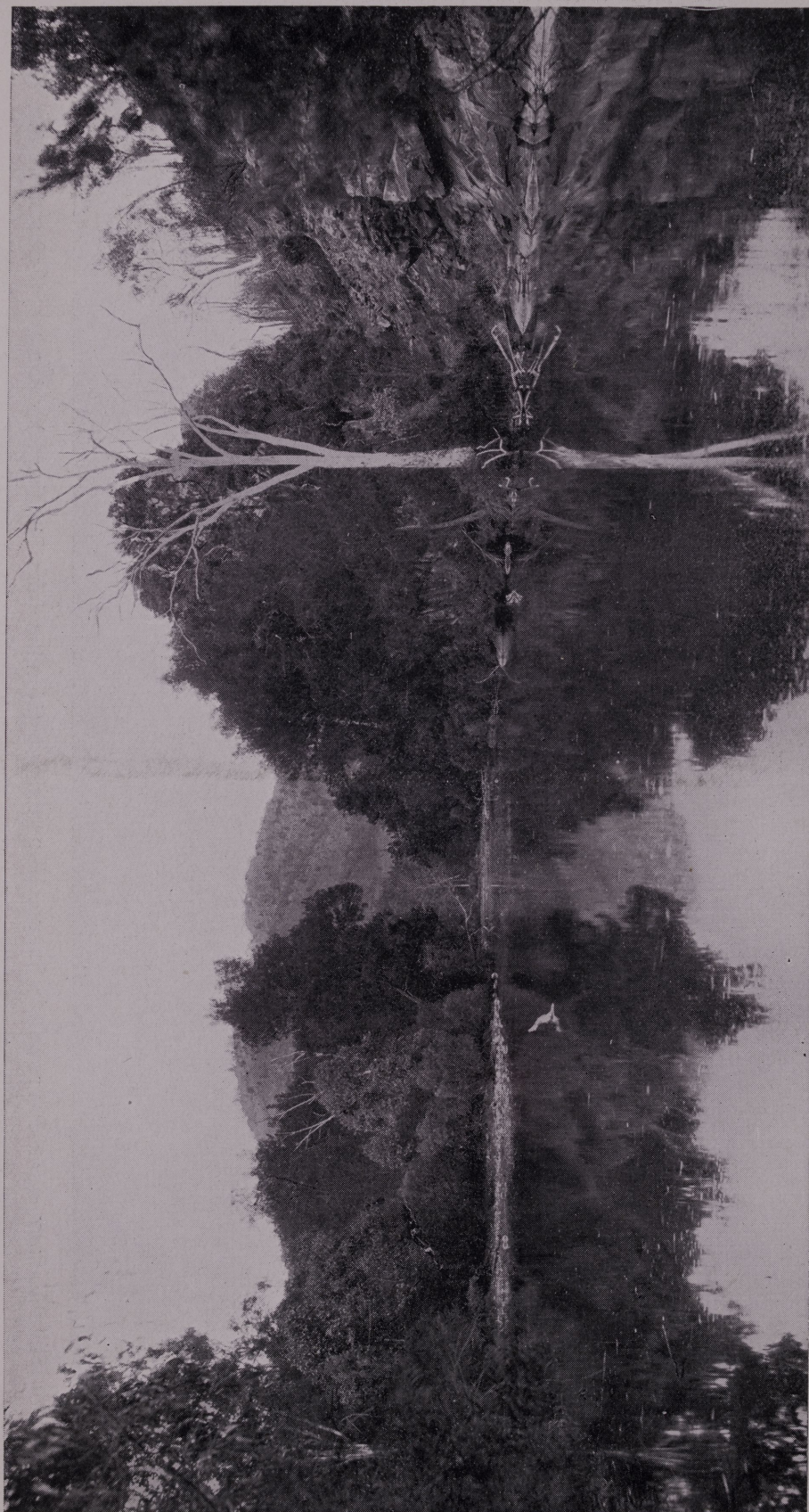
Texas, Gunyan, and the adjoining stations are devoted to cattle-raising and cattle-fattening. Here Gordon's lines from "The Sick Stockrider" still have application, although the close subdivisions within station boundaries have made "the wild scrub cattle" of to-day mere "poddies" in comparison to those which riot in an ancient stockman's heroic tales—

"'Twas merry in the glowing morn, among the gleaming grass,
 To wander as we've wandered many a mile,
 And blow the cool tobacco-cloud, and watch the white wreaths pass,
 Sitting loosely in the saddle all the while.
 'Twas merry in the blackwoods, when we spied the station roofs,
 To wheel the wild scrub cattle at the yard—
 With a running fire of stockwhips and a fiery run of hoofs—
 Oh, the hardest day was never then too hard."

The passing of the squatter from all lands capable of supporting a large population is one of the things foretold



A FERN TREE VALLEY NEAR PATTERSON'S SCRUB, UNDERCLIFFE (16 miles from Stanthorpe). A scene of almost tropical beauty, unique in that it stands near the top of the Main Range, some 4,000 feet above sea level.



A POOL OF THE SEVERN RIVER, SUNDOWN, sheltered by and cradled in the lap of the Mountains amid which it stands.

by the lips of legislators, whose words in our time are as prophetic as the writing on the wall. And as the stations evolve into farming settlements, the generous hospitality of the station homesteads will pass also. To those who have known the genial hosts and gracious hostesses of the station households there is something of melancholy in this reflection. A generation hence, the sociality and hospitality of the squatters may belong mainly to Australian tales, and of their demonstration there will remain not a trace except in the far West.

Dairying on the share system forms part of the present operations of the station-owners close to Texas.

On both Gunyan and Texas Stations tobacco cultivation has been in progress for a number of years. It was for a long time carried out mainly by the labour of Chinese, but of late there has been a revolution in the methods adopted in its production. For many miles along the course of the Dumaresque there is a network of tobacco-drying sheds, and the output has been such that Texas district as a tobacco-producing centre has been widely famous.

The purchase by the W. D. & H. O. Wills Tobacco Company of 673 acres from the owners of Gunyan with the object of engaging in tobacco cultivation by the most modern methods is an experiment which, new as it is, is already stamped with success.

The Wills Company had previously established a large rehandling factory, so that the product could be conveyed to their central factories in less bulk and properly graded. The primitive methods of the patient Chinese and the small white growers were abhorrent to their spirit of enterprise. On their lately-acquired farm they have decided to use white labour only. They have formed a village of neat, commodious cottages, each furnished with a garden, a water service from the river and a tank. This village has been named Raleigh, in honour of that courtly knight who brought the first tobacco leaf to England. The name attaches also to the plantation. The houses at Raleigh, about forty in number, are tenanted by the men employed on the plantation and their families. The families are of the immigrant class, most of the men having been market-gardeners in England.

The preparation of the soil for tobacco culture at Raleigh is effected by a steam plough with an arm attachment of two disc harrows. This completely pulverises the soil. A steam irrigation plant diverts water from an inexhaustible river supply, the capacity of the sprayers fed from a seven-inch pipe being an inch of rain in twenty minutes. A tremendous advance this on John Chinaman, as a moving irrigation plant, ambling along under the weight of two watering cans!

The tobacco seed is very minute. It is planted in beds, from which, when they have grown to a sufficient size, the seedlings are transplanted. This transplanting is effected at Raleigh by the operations of the American Tobacco Planter, a wonderful implement procurable at a small cost, which at marvellously rapid rate performs the whole process of transplanting, digging the holes, depositing a small quantity of water or food soil and a plant in each, and filling in by wholly mechanical process. It plants in a few hours an area which could only be stocked in as many weeks by ordinary process. Two men and a boy are all that are needed to operate this wonderful machine.

It is anticipated that when the present employees at Raleigh Plantation have become proficient in tobacco culture, they will, in many cases, become growers on their own account, and that the tobacco industry of the Dumaresque will eventually reach to thirty times its present proportions.

At Raleigh, also, tobacco is dried by modern processes in a few days without loss of colour or flavour, thus obviating the old, slow process of drying in sheds, sometimes to the destruction of quality and always to the postponement of profit.

Silver-mining is another industry of the Texas District. The Silverspur Mine, 6 miles distant from Texas, is one of the local "lions." It was established in 1893 by the present managing director. Its early history tells of the disposal of £50,000 of silver in four years. Its mining operations are now more difficult on account of the harder quality of the ore, which, as well as being rich in silver, contains zinc, silver, copper, and gold. About 9,000 tons of ore are treated in a year. An immense bulk of slag, said to be rich in zinc, is waiting local treatment or cheaper carriage to a market.

To show the varied character of the mineral production in the near neighbourhood of the mine, it may be mentioned that the engine at Silverspur has been fed with coal procured only a few miles away, and that the flux, ironstone and limestone, used in the extraction of the ore are obtained within a shorter distance.

The population of Silverspur is about 500. It contains churches, a school, and all the usual accompaniments to village life excepting a liquor-licensed house. All attempts to introduce that bane of the miner, a drink-shop, into the social life of the place having been successfully resisted.

The nearest New South Wales railway to the Dumar-esque district is 507 miles distant from Sydney, and should Texas eventually have direct railway communication with Brisbane, New South Wales producers in that portion of the State will readily seize the opportunity of sending their products to Brisbane, which, because it is considerably nearer, is their natural market.

No description of the Texas lands would be complete without mention of their rich trefoil flats and voluntary harvests of spring flowers. When scientifically tickled with England's or America's twentieth century substitutes for the metaphorical hoe, the fertility of these flats should be phenomenal. Farming is easy when soil is fertile and the skies are kind, but in these days of farm-schools and scientific processes the skilled agriculturalist, no matter how rich his land, is not likely to forget that it is not the natural fertility of the soil, but its rational culture, which brings the surest, the largest, and the most enduring harvests.

STANTHORPE.

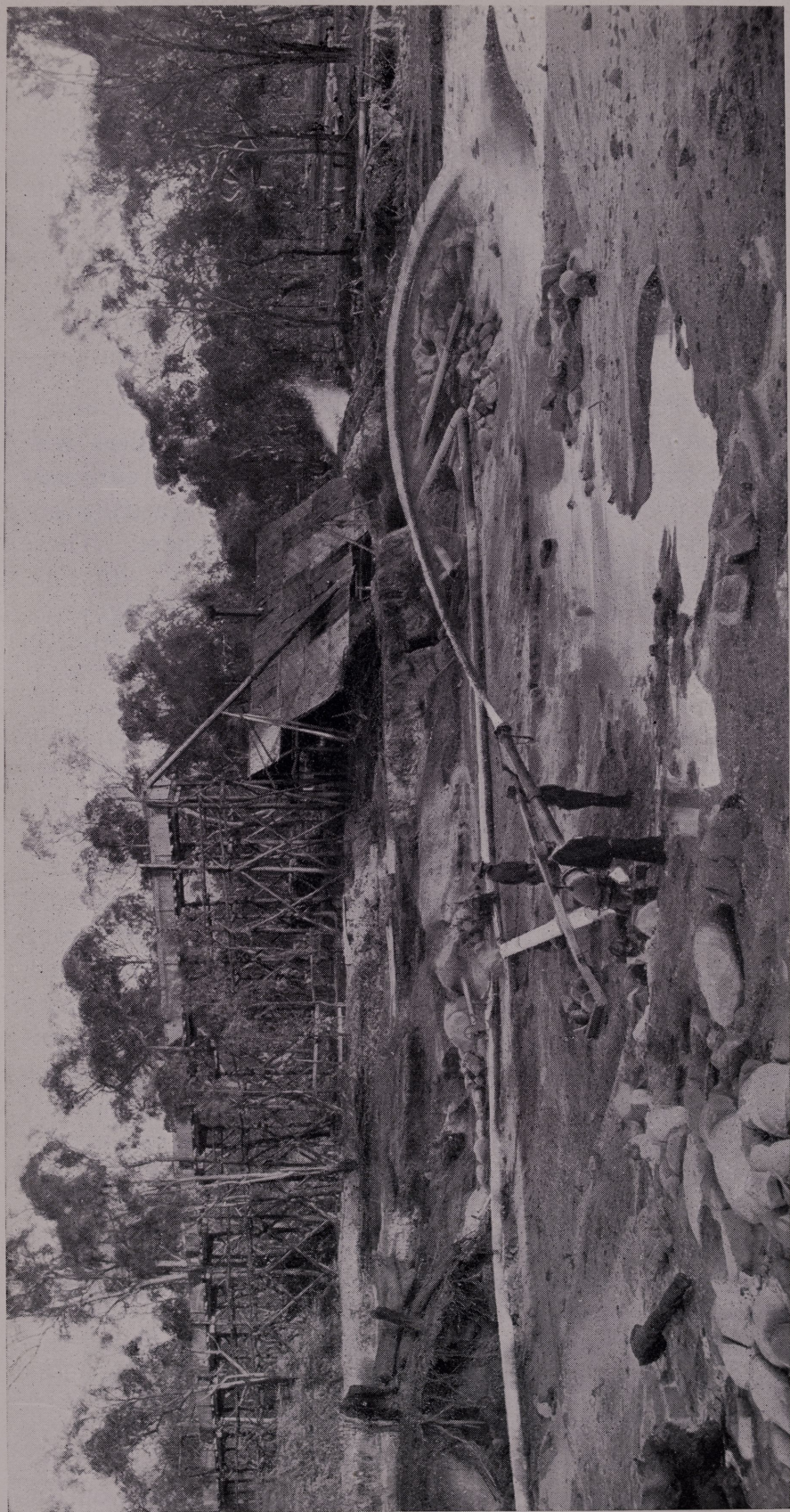
“Tell of things just like they wuz—
They don't need no excuse!
Don't tetch them up, as poets does,
Till they're too fine for use.”

Good advice this, however vile the rhymster's vernacular. Praise of Stanthorpe and some of the things which pertain to it needs no excuse; indeed pæans may proclaim them without any trespass on hyperbole.

A run of 38 miles from Warwick on the main line brings the traveller to Stanthorpe. The way lies first



PANORAMIC VIEW OF STANTHORPE FROM MOUNT BANCA, showing the township, nestling among, and guarded by, an amphitheatre of hills and mountains, some of them over 3,000 feet high.



TIN DREDGING ON THE ROVER MINE, 4 miles from Stanthorpe, showing sluicing plant at work.

through rich farm lands and pastures and afterwards over rough granite and broken mountains, attaining at one point an elevation of over 3,000 ft. Close to one station, Dalveen, are the comfortable dwellings formerly used as mountain residences by several prominent politicians of other days. Round about Thulimbah (3,008 ft.) the land is being extensively exploited for fruit-growing purposes. A well-deserved compliment has been paid to a leading orchardist by the bestowal of his family name on the next station—Roessler. After Roessler comes Stanthorpe.

Stanthorpe is a compact little town. Travellers who make a superficial survey of it from the train curiously note the prevalence of granite boulders, and casually appreciate the refreshing quality of the atmosphere. These attributes, combined with picturesqueness of situation, brightness of foliage and absolute cleanness of highways, are the features which first impress visitors, and although other impressions quickly follow, the first abide.

Although only a little over forty years of age, Stanthorpe has had a chequered history. Its genesis attached mainly to the discovery of large deposits of stream tin, and the consequent influx of fossickers and their families. Within a few years £3,000,000 worth of tin was obtained, and then, gradually but convincingly, the knowledge dawned alike upon the hardy miners and the residents of the mining township that the accessible deposits had been exhausted, and that if tin-mining were to remain one of the industries of the district it must be carried out by much more exhaustive and expensive processes. Bad times fell upon the fossickers, many of them “trekked” to fresh fields and new pastures; others, encumbered by young families or poverty, remained and endeavoured to earn a livelihood by opossum and dingo trapping and the sale of marsupial scalps and skins. Even though some of them had acquired land for mining purposes, of what use to them, in their imperfect knowledge, seemed a few acres of decomposed granite soil studded with granite boulders? But, although alluvial tin-mining was no more as a profitable one-man industry the soil was still to prove the salvation of the inhabitants.

A few successful experiments in orchardising by squatters and others and a favourable expert report on the

fruit-growing possibilities of Stanthorpe soil reawakened a spirit of enterprise. Nature, with her own curious chemistry, had been for ages decomposing portions of the granite belt of 800 square miles on which Stanthorpe lies, and forces seemingly antagonistic had been working harmoniously together to bring about a condition of soil admirably suited to orchard cultivation, and also containing nearly all the phosphates necessary in the successful cultivation of vegetables. Aroused by expert advice, aforetime fossickers and others woke up to the fact that wealth could still be produced from their seemingly ill-natured soil if it were worked for purposes of cultivation rather than for mineralising.

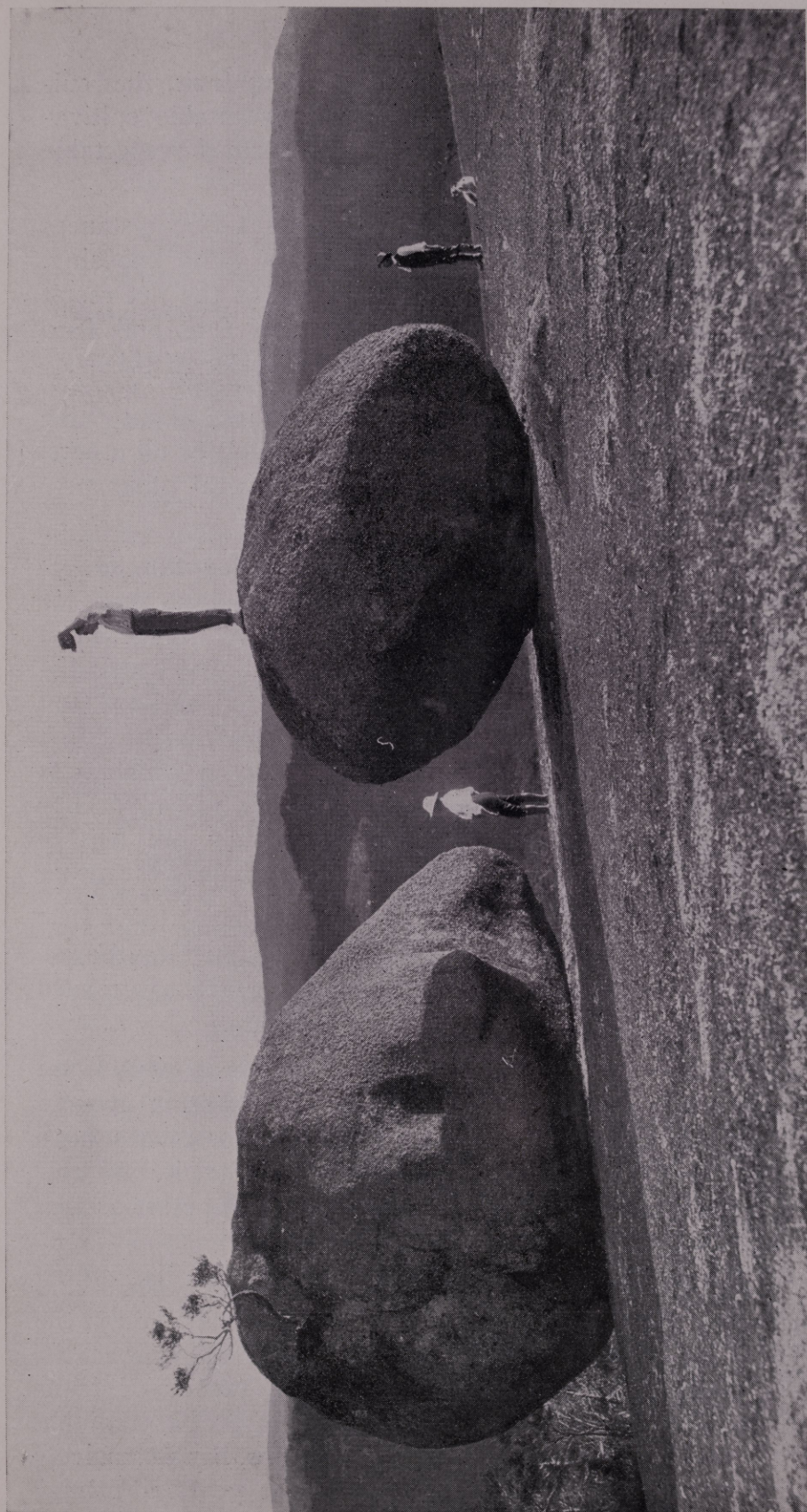
To-day there are 2,000 acres of fruit-bearing land in the district, and orchard areas are constantly being extended, some growers having as many as 50 acres under fruit-bearing trees. The best qualities of apples, pears, peaches, nectarines, apricots, plums, and quinces are grown; cherries and choice grapes also being successfully produced in some of the areas. It costs on an average from £8 to £10 per acre to clear the land for fruit-growing. The soil is easily worked, and except in vegetable patches no irrigation is necessary.

Most of the men who now engage in fruit-growing within the granite belt were original selectors of 160 or 320 acres, except in the case of properties which have changed hands. Few of them had previous experience of fruit-growing and their easy success speaks volumes for the quality of the soil. Peach and plum trees bear three years after planting, from one to two years more of waiting being required before apple and pear crops can be gathered.

Whilst waiting for returns from their young orchards the orchardists industriously engage in vegetable and tomato growing. The addition of a little manure is all that is required for the successful cultivation of vegetables. Cabbage-growing is very profitable, and the returns from one acre of tomatoes have been known to average about the same as those from three acres of apple-trees. Potatoes and onions of exceptionally fine quality also are grown.



ORCHARD, BLUE MOUNTAIN (4 miles from Stanthorpe).



Two Brothers Rocks, on the top of Bald Mountain, 4,070 feet above sea level.

If a hailstorm plays havoc with young fruit, the cultivator cheerfully doubles his energy in vegetable cultivation, confident that his profits will still form a respectable total.

In a season in which all the attendant circumstances are kind the profits from the orchards are quite imposing. One grower holds the record with £1,800 as the net result of one season's production, and incomes of £700 and £800 from fruit alone are quite in the common order of things.

Mr. Roessler's orchard, which is situated about three miles from Stanthorpe, is regarded as a model for all others, but is well rivalled by the orchards of several other prominent growers.

Considerably less capital is required for the undertaking of fruit-growing in the Stanthorpe district than for most branches of primary industry elsewhere. True, most of the nearer lands have been acquired, but that same disintegration of granite which makes superior orchard soil makes superior driving roads also. The question of roads is of paramount importance in any district in which it is necessary to convey perishable products to a railway. The Stanthorpe roads are ideally perfect. They are neither sandy nor muddy, and the hardest rain improves rather than deteriorates them.

A Government fruit inspector resides in Stanthorpe. He not only enforces stringent rules in regard to orchard pests, but also gives expert advice to growers.

In some of the small orchards the best apples are picked from trees whose roots lie close beside granite boulders; heavily laden grape vines, too, sometimes have foothold between close-lying rocks. Eccentricity of this kind is certainly very flattering to granite in the mass as well as to granite in decomposition.

At this stage of the chronicle of the days, deeds and dignity of Stanthorpe it seems well to state that though the alluvial soil became inhospitable to individual prospectors, and though the revulsion of feeling in favour of fruit-growing made the place lose its distinctive aspect as a mining community, tin mining, by means of dredges, has extensively and profitably been carried on of recent years. A huge

bucket dredge of the kind familiarly seen in places where it is necessary to deepen harbours or rivers or to reclaim foreshores, is used in tin-mining operations at Herding Creek, a few miles from Stanthorpe, over the New South Wales border. On the Queensland side are several other types of dredging plants at which visitors may watch interesting hydraulic processes, the waters of creeks having been dammed for the purpose.

The district also has a history of silver and copper mining. Wolfram and molybdenite deposits further add to the local mineral wealth, and gold fossickers, too, occasionally "get a show" on more distant ridges.

There are those among the inhabitants who believe that the mining history of the region belongs much more to the future than to the past, that jealous walls of granite may enclose untold wealth, and Time find the community much more richly diversified in its activities.

The Sundown Copper Mining Country, 25 miles to the South of Stanthorpe, is a mountainous area full of grandeur. The scenery is magnificent, the views obtainable being, to use the words of an eminent authority, like those of "a miniature Sierra Nevada."

Lovers of wildness will be able to indulge their fancy to the full in the granite range with its rocky cañon bottoms through which the Severn rushes; its swift rough rapids the direct opposite of the long silver reaches which characterise the stream when it reaches Texas under another name. There is divine masonry, divine sculpture, and divine architecture in this miniature Sierra Nevada as in that giant range which, in another hemisphere, stretches with unbroken granite back like a great centipede for a thousand miles.

There are no grizzly bears in the Sierra through which the Severn runs, but the sportsman bent on killing something will not go short of living targets. The Severn at this stage of its career is, in its deeper pools, eminently suited to be the home of trout, the coolness of the region making running waters of the right temperature for the successful acclimatisation of the fresh-water fish of cold countries.

There is plenty of room for a week of interesting wanderings among the massive picturesqueness which

marks the Severn's course, and an enterprising livery-stable keeper at Stanthorpe makes a speciality of supplying vehicles and drivers or saddle and pack-horses to visitors who seek the crystalline ether and grandeur of that—

“ . . . camp of mountains pitched tumultuously.”

Of the attractions of Stanthorpe itself, first in order of merit comes the climate. Its elevation of nearly 3,000 ft. makes it cool at midsummer, and each season in its turn brings its fill of satisfaction. A visit to the schools shows its children to be rosy, large, strong, and well-formed, and the atmosphere is equally kind to inhabitants at every stage of their lives. Human nerves and sinews respond to the stimulation that comes with every breath of the rarefied air. Men and women who went to Stanthorpe many years ago in the hope that its climate might add a few months to their doomed lives are there to-day full of vigour, and actively engaged in lucrative businesses. There are peculiar dry qualities in the well-cooled atmosphere which are fatal to germs of every variety, and invalids who come to laze and languish remain to climb hills and play tennis.

Close beside the town—forming, in fact, a part of it—are hill summits whose daily beckonings must sooner or later be heeded. The eye is chained by huge bald mountain walls of granite so smooth and even in form that they give an impression of the stonemason's art, or by rocky formations turreted like Gothic cathedrals. There are fissures, too, suggestive of rocky sepulchres, biblically reminiscent and always interesting.

At some time or other, probably, volcanic forces have been fiercely busy round about. Nature has an ancient and modern habit of undoing the work she has so industriously done, but often her destruction is really creation. Many centuries of genial growing seasons have passed since any change other than gradual decomposition of granite has taken place in the surfaces round about Stanthorpe, and in the most recent decades the landscape has gained much from its association with human kind. Nature's heart is always warm, although she may seem to coldly wait for the transformative agency of man.

From Mount Marlay, an easily attained elevation, lying close beside the town, one sees a view charming in every



STANTHORPE. BALD MOUNTAIN, 4,070 feet high. It is a bare mass of solid granite, with only a few stunted shrubs growing from the fissures in the rock.



PORTION OF UNDERCLIFFE WATERFALLS, with the basin at its foot.

detail. It takes in the pretty centre of population, rich orchards, neat homesteads, running streams and picturesque mountains.

The peculiarities of the granite formations at Stanthorpe are intensely interesting to strangers. In a direct line about two miles from town, in a detached mountain so low that its summit is easily gained, are the natural fortifications which local tradition claims to have been the stronghold of that notorious bushranger, Thunderbolt, who terrorised a large portion of New South Wales and part of South-Eastern Queensland nearly half a century ago. A famous granite group, situated at about a mile's distance from the Post Office, has been aptly named Sentimental Rocks.

Another fascinating formation is the rock and cave known as Donnelly's Castle.

A trigonometrical survey station has been established on Bald Rock, a huge granite hill fourteen miles from Stanthorpe, 4,070 feet above sea level.

There are interesting creek scenes at Broadwater and Little Broadwater, which are within half an hour's drive.

After wet weather the Undercliffe Falls well repay a visit. Loudly roaring waters then take a leap of 150 feet.

Further away are the ever constant Severn River Falls.

Much less constant, but interesting when active, is the Winstead Waterfall, situated near the Stanthorpe Railway Bridge.

A charming view of Stanthorpe may be obtained from the balcony of the Caves Boarding House, which is directly opposite it, lying in 400 acres of grounds at two and a-half miles distance. The town is seen in the form of an ellipse, it and the hills and orchards adjoining it taking on an amphitheatrical appearance.

Driving excursions to attractions over the New South Wales border (five miles distant) are included among the outings.

Drives to fruitful orchards and vineyards, picnic parties, blackberrying in the bush, and topaz-hunting in sand heaps and sand gullies, deserted by seekers after tin and glory, are among the favourite recreations of visitors. Men, women and children become enthusiasts on the subjects of

mineralogy and fruit culture, and the table d'hôte is often converted into a school of mines or agricultural college.

Stanthorpe possesses several thoroughly modern and admirably kept hotels. There are also numerous boarding-houses, board in some of them including an abundance of milk and cream and all the fruits and vegetables of the season. The telephone service is all that can be desired. There are churches of several denominations, good shops, a resident doctor, and a sanatorium. The Roman Catholic Sisters of Mercy and the sisters of the Church of England each conduct day and boarding schools. There is a comfortable School of Arts, at which all the leading Australian newspapers may be read, and from which books are loaned to readers who like to spend a due share of each day in repose after conning the volumes in Nature's grand geological library or revelling in observation of the productiveness of orchards and the tranquil prosperity of orchardists.

Before breakfast drives and walks suit the tastes of some visitors, and cautious providers always deem it expedient to order a double supply of breakfast meats when such tastes are noted.

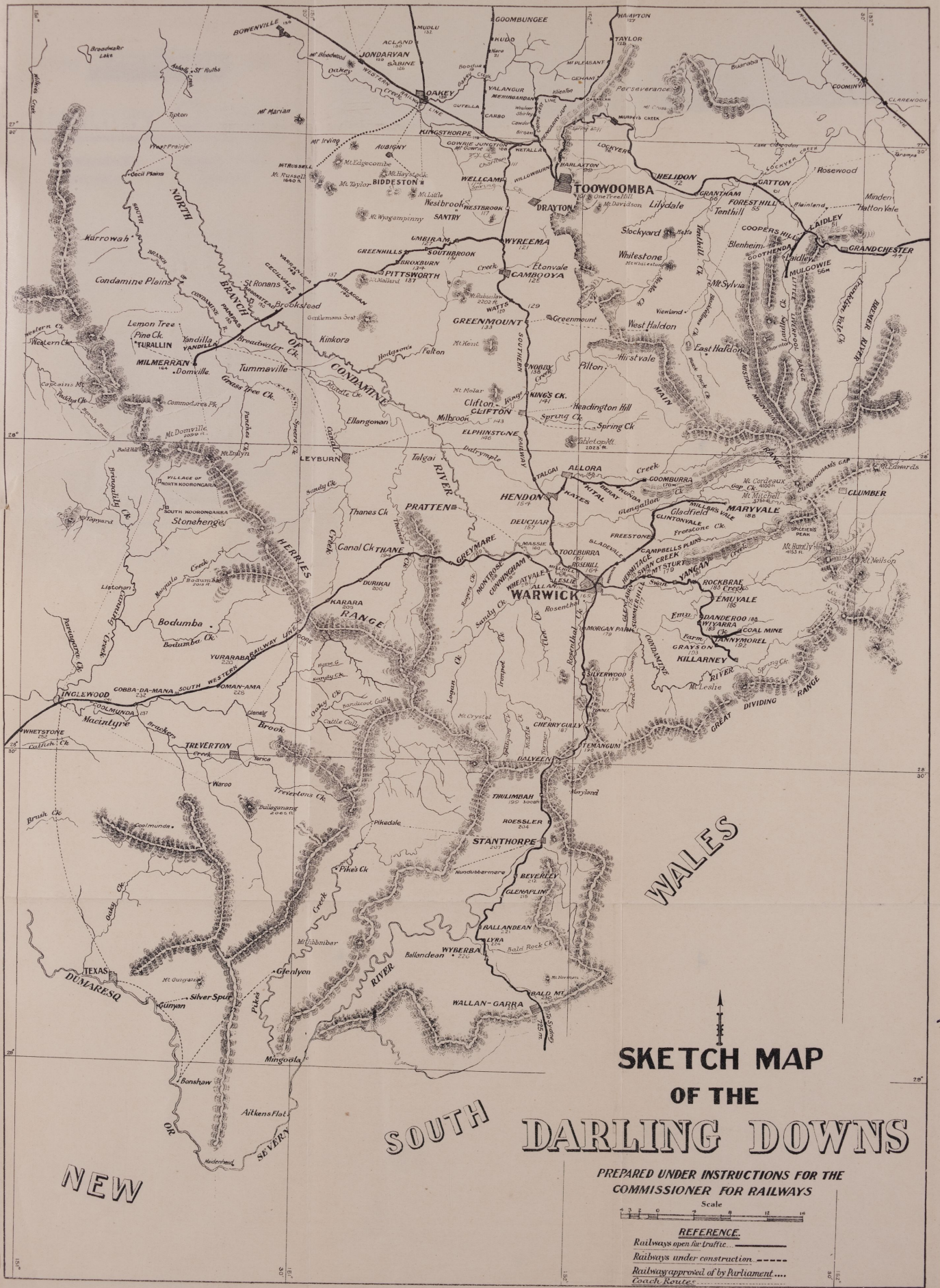
An ornithological eye kept well open in mountain and valley rambles will earn its own reward.

In the Spring golden wattle and may blossom abound, adding much to such charms as the scene ordinarily possesses.

A hopeful sign of the commonsense of the times is evidenced by the tendency of many travellers by rail to Sydney to enjoy a restful night's sojourn in Stanthorpe *en route*; the splendid tonic supplied by the atmosphere enabling them to complete the journey without suffering any fatigue.

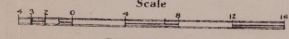
Last but not least among the local virtues must be mentioned the water, which, being highly charged with mineral, is excellent for invalids. Hot winds are unknown in Stanthorpe, and mosquitoes avoid its atmosphere.

The longer one sojourns in the locality the more certain becomes the conviction that the inhabitants are sure of themselves, masters of the present and fearless of the future.



SKETCH MAP OF THE DARLING DOWNS

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COMMISSIONER FOR RAILWAYS



- REFERENCE.**
- Railways open for traffic
 - Railways under construction
 - Railway approved of by Parliament
 - Coach Routes

Queensland



Railways.

INQUIRY OFFICE

COMMISSIONER'S
BUILDINGS,

GEORGE STREET,
BRISBANE.

TOURISTS

and the Travelling Public generally should make inquiry at the above office on any matters relating to PASSENGER FARES, EXCURSION TICKETS AND TRAINS, SPECIAL TRAINS, INTERSTATE AND OVERSEA TICKETS, etc.

PASSENGERS

may purchase INTERSTATE AND OVERSEA TICKETS there, and book their SLEEPING BERTHS. CLAIMS AND COMPLAINTS will be investigated, and Information given regarding GOODS RATES and TRANSPORT generally.

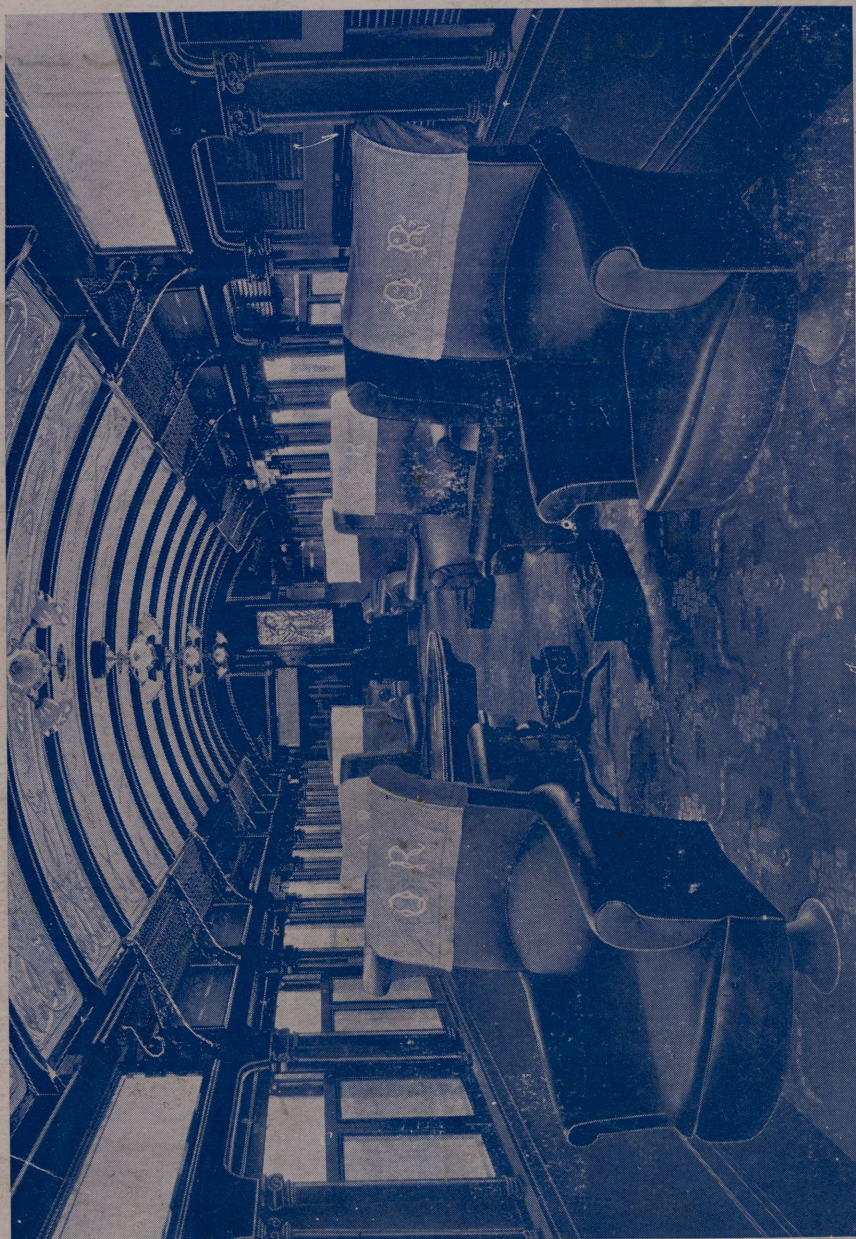
TELEPHONE No. 1701.

A Letter addressed to THE TRAFFIC SUPERINTENDENT,
COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE, GEORGE STREET,
will receive prompt attention

RESERVATION OF CHAIRS IN PARLOUR CAR. BRISBANE AND SYDNEY MAIL TRAINS.

Chairs will be reserved for First-Class Passengers on payment of Five Shillings, but any Chairs not booked at the time of starting may be let to passengers at the following charges, viz. :—

Between Brisbane or Ipswich and Wallan-garra	- - - -	5/- each.
Between Brisbane or Ipswich and Toowoomba	- - - -	2 6 „
Between Toowoomba and intermediate stations to Wallan-garra	- - - -	2 6 „



INTERIOR OF PARLOUR CAR, SOUTHERN MAIL TRAIN.

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The Conductor on the train will see to the comfort of passengers.

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